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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

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ERRATA.

Page 4. l. 15. *for* are *read* art. p. 63. l. 20. *for* Now let it work *read* ANT. Now *&c.* p. 118. l. 25. *for* Cleo. *read* Char. p. 129. l. 34. *for* Here *read* Her. p. 152. l. 31. *for* Swan'd *read* Swan's. p. 172. l. 20. *for* The *read* Tho'. p. 184. l. 20. *for* cheek *read* check. p. 255. l. 29. *for* them *read* then. p. 289. l. 19. *for* wilderness *read* wildness. p. 325. l. 9. *for* door *read* poor. p. 330. l. 20. *for* dread *read* dreaded. p. 426. l. 33. *for* 1710 *read* 1610. p. 465. l. 14. *for* hat *read* that.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmilius Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæsar.

Cicero.

Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.

Popilius Læna, } *Senators.*
Publius,
Flavius,
Marullus, } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæsar.
Messalla,
Titinius, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of* Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, *a Poet.*

Another Poet.

Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius, } *Servants to* Brutus.

Pindarus, *Servant of* Cassius.

Ghost of Julius Cæsar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæsar.

Porcia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three first Acts, at* Rome: *afterwards, at an* Isle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A *Street in* Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? ſpeak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir, —— What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

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Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradeſmen's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore are not in thy ſhop to day? Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get "myſelf into more work." But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice! — what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey?* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To Towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have ſate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome:*
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?

And

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And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone———
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to *Tyber*'s bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*

See, whe're their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them * deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do ſo?
You know it is the feaſt of *Lupercal.*

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers, plucht from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would [1] ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

* —*deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæſar's trophies*; i. e. ſuch as he had dedicated to the Gods.

1 ———*ſoar above the view of men,*] *Paterculus* ſays of this *Cæſar, animo ſuper humanam & naturam & fidem evectus*, which is finely expreſſed, if we underſtand it to ſignify *that he aſpired to a power that was contrary to the rights of nature, and to the duty and good faith he owed his country.*

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SCENE II.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, *for the Courſe*, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Soothſayer.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Caſc. Peace, ho! *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius'* way,
When he doth run his Courſe——*Antonius,*——
Ant. Cæſar, my lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius,*
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,
The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar,——
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſc. Bid every noiſe be ſtill: peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſoothſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and Train.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Manent Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the Course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesom; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.
Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?
Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflexion from some other things.

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Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,

And

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[2] And I will look on Death indifferently:
For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the subject of my story:—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
" [3] For once upon a raw and gusty day,
" The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,

2 *And I will look on* both *indifferently*;] This is a contradiction to the lines immediately succeeding. If he *lov'd honour, more than he fear'd death*, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to death, which is not speaking at all like *Brutus:* for, in a soldier of any ordinary pretensions, honour should always *preponderate*. We must certainly read,

And I will look on death *indifferently*.

What occasion'd the corruption, I presume, was, the transcribers imagining, the adverb *indifferently* must be applied to two things *oppos'd*. But the use of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakespear* always apply it so. In the present passage it signifies *neglectingly*; without *fear*, or *concern:* And so *Casca* afterwards, again in this act, employs it.

And dangers are to me indifferent.

I weigh them not; nor am deterr'd on the score of Danger.

3 *For once upon a raw and gusty day*, &c.] This was the common exercise of such of the *Roman* nobility as delighted in the use of arms. Therefore *Horace*, speaking of one enervated by love, says, *Cur timet flavum* Tiberim *tangere!*

On which *Hermannus Figulus* makes this comment—*Natare. Nam* Romæ *primæ adolescentiæ juvenes, præter cæteras gymnasticas disciplinas, etiam* natare *discebant, ut ad belli munera firmiores aptioresque essent.* And he puts us in mind, from *Suetonius*, how expert a swimmer *Julius Cæsar* was.

Cæsar

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" *Cæsar* says to me, dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now
" Leap in with me into this angry flood,
" And swim to yonder point? — Upon the word,
" Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
" And bid him follow; so, indeed, he did.
" The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
" With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
" And stemming it with hearts of controversie.
" But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,"
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.
I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: and this man
Is now become a God; and *Cassius* is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake;
[4] His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd — give me some drink, *Titinius* —
As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
" So [5] get the start of the majestick world,

" And

4. *His* coward *lips did from their* colour fly,] A plain man would have said, the *colour fled from his lips*, and not his *lips from their colour*. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

5 — *get the start of the majestick world*, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the olympic games. *The majestic world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens

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"And bear the Palm alone." [*Shout. Flourish*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cas. 'Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
'Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
'Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
'To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
'Men at sometimes are masters of their fates:
'The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
'But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
'*Brutus* and *Cæsar*! what should be in that *Cæsar*?
'Why should that name be sounded, more than yours?
'Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
'Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
'Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'*Brutus* will start a spirit, as soon as *Cæsar*.
'Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
'Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,
'That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
'*Rome*, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
'When went there by an age, since the great flood,
'But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
'When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
'That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

citizens set themselves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of *Cæsar*'s great pattern *Alexander*, who being asked, whether he would run the course at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings*.

Bru.

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Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his ſour faſhion tell you,
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo; but look you, *Caſſius*, ——
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calpburnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conf'rence by ſome Senators.
Caſ. *Caſca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonius*, ——
Ant. *Cæſar?*
Cæſ. "Let me have men, about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
"Yond

" Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
" He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæs. [6] 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
' Yet if my name were liable to fear,
' I do not know the man I should avoid,
' So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;
' He is a great observer; and he looks
' Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
' As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no musick;
' Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
' As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
' That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
' Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
' Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
' And therefore are they very dangerous.
' I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
' Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.*

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus *and* Cassius: Casca, *to them.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day,
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

6 '*Would he were fatter;* ——] *Johnson*, in his *Bartholomew-fair*, unjustly sneers at this passage, in *Knockham*'s speech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, and I can 'scape thy lean moon-calf there.*

Casca.

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Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony.*

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca.*

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I,
And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca.

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Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, "alas, good soul!"—— and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek.*

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, *Casca?*

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas.

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Caſ. Good, I will expect you.
Caſca. Do ſo: farewel Both. [*Exit.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.
Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Caſ. I will do ſo; till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I ſee,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.
[7] If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me.——I will, this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.

7 *If I were* Brutus *now, and he were* Caſſius,
He ſhould not humour *me.*——] This is a reflexion on *Brutus*'s ingratitude; which concludes, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. *If I were* Brutus, (ſays he) *and* Brutus, Caſſius, *he ſhould not cajole me as I do him.* To *humour* ſignifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his paſſions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the laſt line to
Cæſar *ſhould not love me.*
What he means by it, is not worth inquiring.

And,

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And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, *his sword drawn; and* Cicero, *meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these Prodigies

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Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, they are natural:"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Casca. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca*; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

SCENE VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A *Roman.*

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heaven's menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous night;
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present my self
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas.

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Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life,
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, [8] and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius*?

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

8 ——— *and Children* calculate;] *Calculate* here ſignifies to foretel or prophesy; For the cuſtom of foretelling fortunes by judicial Aſtrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, *Shakeſpear*, with his uſual liberty, employs the *ſpecies* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel.]

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Caſ. ‘ I know, where I will wear this dagger then:
‘ *Caſſius* from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
‘ Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
‘ Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat;
‘ Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
‘ Nor äirleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
‘ Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
‘ But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
‘ Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
‘ If I know this; know all the world beſides,
‘ That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
‘ I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh, grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no flearing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize

Of

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Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
[9] And the complexion of the Elements
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna?*

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O *Cassius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party——

9 *And the complexion of the* ELEMENT
Is fev'rous——] We find from the *preceding* relation, that it was not *one Element* only which was disturbed, but *all*; being told that *all the sway of* Earth *shook like a thing infirm*; that *the* winds *rived the knotty oaks*; that *the* Ocean *raged and foamed*; and that there *was a tempest dropping* Fire. So that all the *four* ELEMENTS appear'd to be disorder'd. We should read therefore,

The complexion of the ELEMENTS,

which is confirm'd by the following line,

Most bloody, fiery, *and most* terrible.

Bloody referring to the water; *fiery* to the air and fire; and *terrible* to the earthquakes; as appears from *Calpburnia*'s account, which is a comment on this line:

Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.

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Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus'* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us,
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.
[*Exit* Cinna.
Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS's *Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!—
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day——*Lucius*, I ſay!

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I would, it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say; what, *Lucius*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
But for the general, He would be crown'd——
" How that might change his nature, there's the question.
" It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
" And that craves wary walking: crown him —— that——
" And then I grant we put a sting in him,
" That at his will he may do danger with.
" Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins
" *Remorse from Power: and, to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
' That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
' [1] Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
' But when he once attains the upmost round,
' He then unto the ladder turns his back,
' Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
' By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
† Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,

* Remorse *from Power:*—] *Remorse*, for mercy.

1 Whereto the *climber upward* turns, &c.] *Climber-upward* should be printed with a hyphen to avoid an ambiguity, of *climbing upwards* or *turning upwards*, for, understood in the latter sense, the thought is absurd and defective.

† *Will bear no* colour, *for the thing he is,*
Fashion *it thus*—] The metaphor from the wardrobe, when the Excellence of the *fashion* makes out for the defect of the *colour*.

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Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of *March?*

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:*
Shall Rome——*speak, strike, redress.*
Brutus, *thou sleep'st: awake.*
Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome —- thus must I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe? what! *Rome?*

2 *Is not to morrow, boy, the* FIRST *of* March?] We should read IDES: For we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told *Cæsar* [Act I. Scene 2.] in his presence, [—*Beware the Ides of* March.] The boy comes back and says, *Sir,* March *is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the Ides of* March, as he supposed. For *March, May, July,* and *October* had six *nones* each, so that the fifteenth of *March* was the *Ides* of that month.

My

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My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress,—am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O *Rome!* I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. [3] Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days.
[*knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks: [*Exit* Lucius.
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.———
' [4] Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
' And

3 *Sir*, March *is wasted* fifteen *days*.] The editors are mightily mistaken: It was wasted but *fourteen* days; this was the dawn of the fifteenth, when the boy makes his report.

4 *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*
And the first motion, &c.] That nice critic, *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, complains that, of all kind of beauties, those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in *Homer*, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen it seems to be as much confined to the *British Homer*. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. *Addison*, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident in his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides, (as we may see by those many fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of *Cicero*) has paraphrased this fine description; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original.

O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death. Cato.

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different, (the fortunes of *Cæsar* and the *Roman* Empire being concerned in the one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. *Addison* could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circum-

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‘ And the first motion, all the interim is
‘ Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
‘ The Genius, and the mortal instruments
‘ Are then in council; and the state of man,
‘ Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
‘ The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?

circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of *Shakespear*'s description;

The Genius, and the Mortal Instruments
Are then in Council ———

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan* Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil Genius's*, likewise; represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *Mortal Instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with death,

are but the affections raised by such forcible Images as these,

——— ——— *All the Int'rim is*
Like a Phantasma, *or a hideous Dream.*
——— ——— *the State of Man*
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an insurrection.

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of Anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to Nature.

Luc.

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Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. " O Conspiracy!
" Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
" When Evils are most free? O then, by day
" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
" To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Conspiracy;
" Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
" For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
" Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
" To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius.*
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, *Decius Brutus.*
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber.*
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Be-

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Dec. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the day break here?

Caſca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high Eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. "[5] No, not an oath: if that the Fate of men,

5 *No, not an Oath: if that the* FACE *of men*, &c.] The conſpirators propoſe an *oath* as the ſanction of their mutual faith. This, *Brutus*, very much in character, oppoſes: Becauſe an *oath* was the uſual cement of thoſe lawleſs cabals, which have not virtue enough in themſelves to keep their members together: On this conſideration his argument againſt an oath turns: And the motives he thought ſufficient to preſerve faith amongſt them, were theſe: *The ſufferance of their ſouls*, i. e. their commiſeration for expiring liberty: *The time's abuſe*, i. e. the general corruption of manners which had reduced publick liberty to this condition; and which, that liberty reſtored, would reform. But now, what is *The* FACE *of men?* Did he mean they had honeſt looks. This was a poor and low obſervation, unworthy *Brutus*, and the occaſion, and the grandeur of his ſpeech: Beſides, it is foreign to the turn and argument of his diſcourſe, which is to ſhew the ſtrong cement of the confederacy, from *the juſtice of their cauſe*, not from the natural honour of the conſpirators. His argument ſtands thus, *You require an oath to keep us together; but ſure the ſtrong motives that drew us into confederacy will keep us confederated.* Theſe motives he enumerates; but *The* FACE *of men* not being one of theſe motives muſt needs be a corrupt reading. *Shakeſpear*, without queſtion, wrote,

If that the FATE *of men*,

Or of mankind, which, in the ideas of a *Roman*, was involved in the *fate* of their Republick. And this was the principal motive which engaged the God-like *Brutus* in the undertaking.

"The

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" The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,——
" If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes;
" And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
" So let [6] high-ſighted tyranny range on,
" 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
" As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
" To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
" The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
" What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
" To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
" Than [7] ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
" And will not palter? and what other oath,
" Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
" That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
" Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous.
" Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
" That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
" Such creatures as men doubt; but [8] do not ſtain
" The even virtue of our enterprize,
" Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits;

" To

6 —— high-ſighted *tyranny*——] The epithet alludes to a hawk ſoaring on high and intent upon its prey.

7 —— ſecret *Romans*,——] *Secret*, for *federate*, uſed becauſe ſecrecy is an eſſential quality in confederations.

8 ——— *do not* STAIN
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits, &c.] Admitting that the *Opinion* that the cauſe or actors wanted an Oath to hold them together, might be called a *ſtain*, (which yet I think it could not, becauſe ſuch opinion does not neceſſarily imply a *ſuſpicion* of the honeſty of either; or if it did, ſuch ſuſpicion could not *ſtain* it, as an oath is no unjuſt means of union; for it is only an *unjuſt means* uſed for a *good end*, that could be ſaid to *ſtain* that end.) However, I ſay, admitting that ſuch an opinion might be called a *ſtain*, yet here the metaphor employed will not allow the uſe of the term. For the expreſſion of *inſuppreſſive* mettle alludes to the elaſtic quality of ſteel, which, being forced beyond its tone, loſes its ſpring, and thereby becomes incapable of keeping that machine in motion which it is deſigned to actuate.

To.

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" To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
" Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero?* shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar?*

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,

To this idea the word *even* refers, signifying a constant moderate, well regulated tenour. To preserve therefore the integrity of the metaphor, I think we must read,

——*do not* STRAIN.

i. e. beyond its natural and proper tone; the consequence of which will be the stopping the motion of the whole machine. So that the thought is this, *The present temper of our spirits is like the virtue of a steel spring which pushes forward and preserves the motion of the machine: But now, if, to the force of this natural disposition, you add the artificial bend of an oath, you will overstrain it and destroy its power.*

Let

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Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! but alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it — " And, gentle friends,
" Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
" Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
" Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
" And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
" Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
" And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not murtherers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s arm,
When *Cæsar*'s head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar* —
Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him;
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:
And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

If

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If *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
[9] For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him; [1] "for he loves to hear,
" That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
" And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
" Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
" But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
" He says he does; being then most flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,

9 *For he is superstitious grown of late,*
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:] *Cæsar*, as well as *Cassius*, was an *Epicurean*. By *main opinion Cassius* intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature: As by *fantasie* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where *Calphurnia* says,

Cæsar, *I never stood on* ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me:——

The poet uses *Ceremonies* in a quite different sense, namely, the turning *accidents to omens*, a principal superstition of antiquity.

1 ——*for he loves to hear*, &c.] It was finely imagined by the poet, to make *Cæsar* delight in this sort of conversation. The Author of St. *Evremond*'s life tells us, that the great Prince of *Conde* took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridicule of characters.

Who

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Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! diſperſe your ſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew your ſelves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy;
And ſo, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* faſt aſleep? it is no matter,
" Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
" Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
" Which buſie care draws in the brains of men;
" Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

SCENE III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. *Brutus*, my lord!
Bru. *Porcia*, what mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. " You've ungently, *Brutus*,
" Stole from my bed: and, yeſternight at ſupper,
" You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
" Muſing and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs:
" And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
" You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.

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" I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
" And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
" Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
" But with an angry wafture of your hand,
" Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
" Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
" Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
" Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
" Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his sicknes? no, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darknes.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por.

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Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus.*
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I your ſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
[1] A woman well reputed *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo husbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving my ſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

1 *A woman well reputed*; Cato's *Daughter.*] This falſe pointing ſhould be corrected thus,

A woman well reputed Cato's *daughter.*

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to *Cato.* This indeed was a good reaſon why ſhe ſhould be intruſted with the ſecret. But the falſe pointing, which gives a ſenſe only implying that ſhe was a woman of a good character, and that ſhe was *Cato*'s daughter, gives no good reaſon: For ſhe might be *Cato's* daughter, and yet not inherit his firmneſs; and ſhe might be a woman well reputed, and yet not the beſt at a ſecret. But if ſhe *was well reputed* Cato's *daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, ſhe could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his reſolution to engage in its deliverance.

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Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Porcia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius!* how?
Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? 'would, you were not sick!
Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.
Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome!*
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.
Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?
Bru. That we must also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.
Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That

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That *Brutus* leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to night;
Thrice hath *Calpburnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
" Help, ho! they murder *Cæſar.*" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?——
Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.
Ser. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to day.
Cæſ. Cæſar ſhall forth; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.
Cal. Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead?
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;

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And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar!* these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taste of death but once:
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It seems to me most strange, that men should fear:
"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
"Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[*Exit Servant.*

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to day for fear.
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We (*a*) were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,

[(*a*) *Were*, Mr. *Theobald*. —— Vulg. *beare*.]

And

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And he will say, you are not well to day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

SCENE V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.
Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to day; tell them so, *Decius*.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.
Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt last night, she saw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents
(*a*) Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

[(*a*) *Of evils.* Oxford Editor.—— Vulg. *And evils.*]

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Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a Viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from You great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood: [2] and that Great Men ſhall preſs
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is ſignify'd.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock

2 —*and that great men ſhall preſs*
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, *and cogniſance.*] That this dream of the ſtatue's ſpouting blood ſhould ſignify, the increaſe of power and empire to *Rome* from the influence of *Cæſar*'s arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble *Romans* through his beneficence, expreſſed by the words, *From you, great* Rome *ſhall ſuck reviving blood,* is intelligible enough. But how theſe great men ſhould literally preſs *for tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance,* when the ſpouting blood was only a ſymbolical viſion, I am at a loſs to apprehend. Here the circumſtances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cogniſance

muſt needs be in way of ſimilitude only; and if ſo, it appears that ſome lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want ſhould, for the future, be marked with aſterisks. The ſenſe of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in queſtion. The ſpeaker had ſaid, the Statue ſignified, that by *Cæſar*'s influence *Rome* ſhould flouriſh and increaſe in empire, and that great men ſhould preſs to him to partake of his *good fortune,* juſt as men run with handkerchiefs, *&c.* to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit.* It is true, the thought is from the Chriſtian Hiſtory; but ſo ſmall an anachroniſm is nothing with our poet. Beſides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: For the line in queſtion can bear no other ſenſe than as an alluſion to the blood of the Martyrs, and the ſuperſtition of ſome Churches with regard to it.

Apt

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Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæſar*'s wife ſhall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæſar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, *Cæſar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæſar*; for my dear, dear, love
[3] To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your Fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia?*
I am aſham'd, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go:

SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna *and* Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, *Caſca: Caius Ligarius,*
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o' clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſie.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius!*

3 *To your* proceeding——] *Proceeding* for advancement, eſtabliſhment.

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I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember, that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will; —— and ſo near will I be,
[*Aſide.*
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good Friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me.
And we, like Friends, will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
[*Aſide.*
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a Paper.*

CÆSAR, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caſca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *truſt not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou beeſt not immortal, look about thee: ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Here will I ſtand, 'till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:

Why

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Why doſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there —
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?

Art. At mine own houſe, good lady.

Por. What is't o' clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.

Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?

Art.

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Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I muſt go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*
The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me:——*Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæſar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before the Capitol; *and the* Capitol *open.*

Flouriſh. ☞ *Enter* Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-ſayer.*

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.
Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Cæſar:* read this ſchedule.
Dec. *Trebonius* doth deſire you to o'er-read,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.
Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit,
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What touches us our ſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub.

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Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.
Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to day may thrive.
Caſ. What enterprize, *Popilius?*
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popilius Lena?*
Caſ. He wiſh'd, to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæſar*; mark him.
Caſ. *Caſca*, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what ſhall be done, if this be known?
Caſſius, or *Cæſar*, never ſhall turn back;
For I will ſlay myſelf.
Bru. *Caſſius*, be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſe;
For, look, he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.
Caſ. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt; preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caſca*, you are the firſt that rears your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?
Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat [*Kneeling:*
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, *Cimber*;
Theſe couchings and theſe lowly curteſies
[1] Might ſtir the blood of ordinary men,

1 *Might* fire *the blood of ordinary men,*] It is plain we ſhould read,

Stir *the blood*——

Submiſſion does not *fire* the blood, but melt it to compaſſion; or, as he ſays juſt after, *thaw* it. So afterwards in this play he ſays,

The power of ſpeech to STIR *mens* bloods.

And

[2] And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With That which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus!*

Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;

2 *And turn* pre-ordinance——] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established.

That

That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Casc. Speak hands for me. [*They stab* Cæsar.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—then fall *Cæsar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cas. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Cas. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of *Cæsar's*
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius.*

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

SCENE II.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And

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And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.
Caſc. [3] Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!
Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar'*s blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?
Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony*'s.
Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And, being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;

3 In all the editions this ſpeech is aſcribed to *Brutus*, than which nothing is more inconſiſtent with his mild and philoſophical character. But (as I often find ſpeeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the firſt publiſhed by the author) I think this liberty not unreaſonable. Mr. *Pope*.

Cæſar

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Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

SCENE III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* dost thou lye so low?
" Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
" Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,

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Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
" No place will please me so, no meane of death,
" As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
" The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see, we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar:* For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice; " and our hearts,
" Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;
Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all——alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That

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That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most Noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*— here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and [4]crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye?

Cas. Mark Antony———

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius:*
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

4——*crimson'd in thy* Lethe.] Mr. *Theobald* says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as* Lethe; *yet he is not without supposition, that* Shakespear *coin'd the word; and yet for all that, the* L. *might be a* D. *imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have* death *instead of it.* After all this pother, *Lethe* was a common *French* word, signifying *death* or *destruction*, from the latin *lethum*. So in *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* he says,

——*Ev'n to a* lethi'd *dulness.*

i. e. deadly.

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Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.
Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.———
You know not what you do; do not consent, [*Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By That which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*;
And say, you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light [5] upon the line of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
" And *Cæsar*'s spirit, ranging for revenge,
" With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
" Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
" Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?
Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*
Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome.*
Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæsar!* [*Seeing the Body.*

5 ——*upon the* LIMBS *of men*;] We should read,
——— LINE *of men*;
i. e. human race.

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Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Ser. He lyes to night within seven leagues of *Rome.*
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæsar's *body.*

S. C E N E V.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Rostra; Cassius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. WE will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers:
Those, that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those, that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of *Cæsar*'s death.
1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak,
2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,

When

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When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* Cassius, *with some of the* Plebeians.

Pleb. 3 The noble *Brutus* is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, [6] Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. 'If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of 'Cæsar's, to him I say, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæsar* 'was no less than his. If then that friend demand, 'why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: 'Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* 'more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye 'all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all 'free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as 'he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, 'I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. 'There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, 'honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. 'Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If 'any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here 'so rude, that would not be a *Roman?* if any, speak; 'for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that 'will not love his Country? if any, speak; for him 'have I offended——I pause for a Reply——.

6 ——*Countrymen and Lovers!* &c.] There is no where, in all *Shakespear's* works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar, than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of *Brutus* is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind. But no more like that brevity, than his times were like *Brutus*'s. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural and easy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antithesis's. In a word a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that sits as ill upon *Brutus* as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done.

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All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended—I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæsar's *body*.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll

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We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.
Ant. For *Brutus'* ſake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus'* ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.
1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*——
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
' I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
' The Evil, that men do, lives after them;
' The Good is oft interred with their bones;
' So let it be with *Cæſar!* noble *Brutus*
' Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
' If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
' And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
' Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
' (For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
' So are they all, all honourable men)
' Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
' He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
' But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
' And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
' He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
' Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
' Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
' When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
' Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
' Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
' And *Brutus* is an honourable man,
' You all did ſee, that, on the *Lupercal*,

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‘ I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
‘ Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
‘ Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
‘ And, sure, he is an honourable man.
‘ I speak not, to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
‘ But here I am to speak what I do know.
‘ You all did love him once, not without cause:
‘ What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
‘ O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
‘ And men have lost their reason—bear with me,
‘ My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
‘ And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
7 *Cæsar* has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

7 Cæsar *has had great wrong.*] 3 Pleb. Cæsar *had never wrong but with just cause.* If ever there was such a line written by *Shakespear*, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a *Plebeian*. One might believe *Ben Johnson*'s remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act,

Know, Cæsar *doth not wrong; nor without cause*
Will he be satisfied.——

But the verse, as cited by *Ben Johnson*, does not connect with *Will he be satisfied.* Perhaps this play was never printed in *Ben Johnson*'s time, and so he had nothing to judge by but as the actor pleased to speak it. Mr. *Pope*.

4 *Pleb.*

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4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. 'But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
'Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
'And none so poor to do him reverence.
'O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
'Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
'I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
'Who, you all know, are honourable men.
'I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
'To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;
'Than I will wrong such honourable men.
'But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
'I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;
'Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
'(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
'And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds,
'And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
'Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
'And dying, mention it within their Wills,
'Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
'Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. 'Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
'It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
'You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
'And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
'It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
'For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*;
You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. 'Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
'(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)
'I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

'Whose

' Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*—I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!
All. The Will! the Testament!
2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murtherers; the Will! read the Will.
Ant. ' You will compel me then to read the Will?
' Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
' And let me shew you him, that made the Will.
' Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—most noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.
All. Stand back——room——bear back——
Ant. ' If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
' You all do know this mantle; I remember,
' The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
' 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
' [8] That day he overcame the *Nervii*——
' Look! in this place, ran *Cassius*' dagger through;—
' See, what a rent the envious *Casca* made.——
' Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd;
' And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
' Mark, how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no?
' For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s angel.

8 *That day he overcame the* Nervii—] Here *Shakespear*, describing a *great* General, makes him put on his new habit, or robes of triumph, after his victory. *Homer* describing a *vain-glorious* one, makes him put them on before the fight, and while he only expected to overcome.

δ' ἐνδύνε χιτῶνα
Καλὸν ποικάτεον——

' Judge,

' Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him;
' This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
' For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
' Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
' Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
' And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
' Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell,
' [9] Even at the Base of *Pompey*'s Statue.
' O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
' Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
' Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
' O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
' The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
' Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
' Our *Cæsar*'s vesture wounded? look you here!
' Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.——

Ant. ' Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

9 *Even at the Base of* Pompey's *Statue,*
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar *fell.*] *Plutarch* tells us, that *Cæsar* received many wounds in the face on this occasion, so that it might be said to run blood. But, instead of that, the Statue, in this reading, and not the face, is said to do so; it is plain these two lines should be transposed: And then the reflection, which follows,

O what a fall was there——

is natural, lamenting the disgrace of being at last subdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor.

' To

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'To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
'They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
'What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
'That made them do it: they are wiſe and honourable;
'And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
'I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
'I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
'But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
'That love my friend; and that they know full well,
'That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
'For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
'Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
'To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on.
'I tell you that, which you your ſelves do know;
'Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
'And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
'And *Brutus*, *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
'Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
'In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
'The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Moſt true—the Will—let's ſtay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,

To

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To ev'ry ſev'ral man, ſev'nty five drachma's.
2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar!* we'll revenge his death.
3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæſar!*
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that ſide *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*, when comes ſuch another?
1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.
2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*
Now let it work; Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*
Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
[1] And things unluckey charge my fantasie;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say——I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* "That's as much as to say, they are fools "that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; "proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

1 *And things* unluckily *charge my fantasie*;] Both for the sake of the sense and measure we should read,

And thing unluckey *charge my fantasie*,

i. e. *unluckey* things; for the ancient superstition divided things into *luckey* and *unluckey*.

4 *Pleb.*

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4 *Pleb.* "Tear him for his bad verses, tear him "for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Ginna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, fire-brands:
To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s house,
And some to *Casca*'s, some to *Ligarius*: away, go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* shall not live;
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar*'s house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand

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One of the three to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.
Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.
Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius*: and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On (*a*) abject Orts, and imitations:
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

[(*a*) *abject Orts.* Mr. *Theobald.*— Vulg. *objects, arts.*]

Oct.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies:
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and soldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!
Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Cassius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
[1] In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius* ——
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

1 *In his own* change, *or by ill officers,*] The sense of which is this, *Either your master, by the* change *of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone.* This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on *Pindarus*'s saying, *His master was full of regard and honour,* he replies, *he is not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read,

In his own CHARGE, *or by ill officers.*

i. e. *either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants who had abused their trust. Charge* is so usual a word in *Shakespear,* to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances.

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Luc. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with *Caſſius*. [*Low march within.*

Enter Caſſius *and ſoldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Caſ. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! ſpeak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?
Caſ. *Brutus*, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Bru. *Caſſius*, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent, *Caſſius*, enlarge your griefs,

And

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And I will give you audience.
Caſ. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. *Lucilius*, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Inſide of Brutus's *Tent.*

Re-enter Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man,) was ſlighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That [2] ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that ſpeak this;
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement!——— [member!
Bru. "[3] Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* re-
"Did

2 ——*ev'ry* nice offence———] *i. e.* ſmall trifling offence.
3 *Remember* March, *&c.*
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice?———] The thought here is infinitely noble;

" Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?
" What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
" And not for justice? what, shall one of us,
" That struck the foremost man of all this world,
" But for supporting robbers; shall we now
" Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
" And sell the mighty space of our large honours
" For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
" [4] I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
" Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget your self,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your self
To make conditions.

Bru. [5] Go to; you are not *Cassius*.

Cas.

noble; yet by reason of the laconic brevity here represented, it is obscure. We must imagine *Brutus* speaking to this effect, *Remember the ides of* March, *when we had a cause in hand, so great and sanctified that the most corrupt men, intent only on the public, cast aside all private regards, engaged in the cause of liberty, and stab'd for justice: remember too, that this is but the same cause continued; all corrupt and private motives should be therefore neglected and despised.* This is the sense, in which the dignity of the sentiment, and the propriety of it to the case in hand, are altogether worthy the character of the speaker.

4 *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than such a Roman.] The poets and common people, who generally *think* and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: *Brutus* hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at *Cæsar*'s glory which set *Cassius* on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. *Cassius* understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation,

——— Brutus, *bay not* me.

5 *Go to; you are not* Cassius.] We are not to understand this as if *Brutus* had said, *You are not an able soldier*, which would be wrangling on a childish question beneath the character of *Brutus*.

On

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Caſ. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelf—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight man!
Caſ. Is't poſſible?———
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
" Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
" Go, ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
" And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? by the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: For, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your Vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
Caſ. You wrong me every way——you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier; not a better.
Did I ſay, better?———
Bru. If you did, I care not.

On the contrary, when *Caſſius* had made ſo unbecoming a boaſt, *Brutus*, in his reply, only reproves him for *degeneracy:* And he could not do it in words more pathetic than in ſaying, *You are not* Caſſius; i. e. *You are no longer that brave, diſintereſted, philoſophic* Caſſius, *whoſe character was made up of honour and patriotiſm; but are ſunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times.*

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Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not! ——

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you ſhould be ſorry for.
" There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats;
" For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
" That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
" Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
" For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
" For I can raiſe no money by vile means;
" By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
" And drop my blood for drachma's, [6] than to wring
" From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
" By any Indirection. I did ſend
" To you for gold to pay my legions,
" Which you denied me; was that done like *Caſſius?*
" Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
" When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
" To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
" Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
" Daſh him to pieces.

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not—he was but a fool,

6 ——— *than to* wring
From the hard *hands of peaſants their vile traſh,*] This is a noble ſentiment, altogether in character, and expreſſed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjuſtly*, and to uſe *force* in getting: And *hard hands* ſignify both the peaſant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingneſs* to quit his hold.

That

That brought my answer back.—*Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. [7] I do not. Still you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.
Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast——within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold;
[8] If that thou needst a *Roman's*, take it forth.

I,

7 Bru. *I do not,* TILL *you practise them on me.*] But was this talking like *Brutus*? *Cassius* complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which *Brutus* replies, not *till* those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for *aggravating* his friend's failings? *Shakespear* knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. STILL *you practise them on me.*

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me.

8 *If that thou* BEEST A ROMAN, *take it forth.* &c.] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a *Roman*? There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a *Roman*. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was *Cassius*'s refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. *Cassius*, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him he was ready to expose his life in his service; but at the same time,

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
" Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
" O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
" That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
" Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
" And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O *Brutus!*

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

[*A noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the Generals;

time, provoked and exaſperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the ſeverity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender; and delighted in his blood, tho' a *Roman*, and attached to him by the ſtrongeſt bonds of alliance; hereby obliquely inſinuating the caſe of *Cæſar*. The ſenſe being thus explained, it is evident we ſhould read,

If that thou NEEDST A ROMAN'*s*, *take it forth.*

i. e. if nothing but another *Roman*'s death can ſatisfy the unrelenting ſeverity of your temper, take my life as you did *Cæſar*'s.

There

There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit* Poet.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.

Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. 'O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. 'Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
'If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears ſorrow better—*Porcia*'s dead.

Caſ. 'Ha! *Porcia!*——

Bru. 'She is dead.

Caſ. 'How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!

Upon

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Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death
That tydings came) With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.
Cas. And dy'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius*;—welcome, good *Messala*.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. O *Porcia!* art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.
Mes. My self have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas.

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Caſ. *Cicero* one? ——

Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, *Meſſala.*

Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala.*

Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Meſ. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru. Why, farewel, *Porcia*—we muſt die, *Meſſala.*
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.

Caſ. [9] I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?

Caſ. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reaſon?

Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us;
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;

9 *I have as much of this* in art, *as you,*] *i. e.* I have as much of that aſſiſtance which *Philoſophy* affords as you have. *Art* for Philoſophy.

From

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From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe People at our back.

Caſ. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
' There is a tide in the affairs of men,
' Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
' Omitted, all the Voyage of their life
' Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
' On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float:
' And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
' Or loſe our ventures,

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.

Caſ. No more; good night;——
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown; farewel, good *Meſſala*,
Good night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls;
Let it not, *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Meſſa. Good night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru.

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Bru. Farewel, every one [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here, in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varro, and *Claudius!* ——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a Song.*

This

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This is a sleepy tune—O murth'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee musick? gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.
[*He sits down to read.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!——ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition!——
It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again.——

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.——
Now I have taken heart, thou vanisheſt:
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!——

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cried'st out?

Luc.

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ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Decretas,
Demetrius,
Philo.
} *Friends and Followers of* Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus.
} *Friends to* Cæſar.

Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius.
} *Friends to* Pompey.

Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes.
} *Servants to* Cleopatra.

A Soothſayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.

Charmian,
Iras.
} *Ladies attending on* Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſpers'd in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY

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Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; sirrah, *Claudius*, fellow!
[1]*Varro!* awake.
Var. My lord!
Clau. My lord!
Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?
Both. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;
Bid him set on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know

1 Thou! *awake.*] The accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible the poet could begin his verse thus. *Brutus* certainly was intended to speak to both his other men; who both awake and answer at an instant.

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Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.
Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Octa. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,

And

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And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wiſely threat, before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*.
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank your ſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you, that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus*' ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill!——
Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to day, come to the field;

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If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*

SCENE III.

Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Lucilius,—hark, a word with you.

[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*

Luc. My lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.
Caſ. Meſſala.
Meſ. What ſays my General?
Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do [1] ravenous crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which

1 ——RAVENS, *crows and kites*] A *raven* and a *crow* is the ſame bird of prey: the firſt name taken from its nature; the other from its voice. We ſhould therefore read,

——*do* RAVENOUS *crows and kites*:

Beſides, this epithet denotes the circumſtances that make the ſpeaker conſider them as birds of omen.

Our

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Our army lies ready to give the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.
Bru. Even so, *Lucilius.*
Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
[2]The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; * * * [3]arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of *Rome?*
Bru. 'No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble
'*Roman*,
'That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
'He bears too great a mind. But this same day

2 *The very last time we shall speak together.*
What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of?

3—*arming myself with patience*, &c.] It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect [*on the contrary, true courage is seen in the*] *arming myself with patience*, &c. As the text stands at present, the two different sentiments of *dislike* and *approbation* are run together, as parts related to one another.

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‘ Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun;
‘ And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
‘ Therefore our everlasting farewel take;
‘ For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Cassius!*
‘ If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
‘ If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. ‘ Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
‘ The end of this day's business ere it come!
‘ But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
A sudden Push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my lord;

Fly

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Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run its compass. Now, what news?
Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pind. *Titinius* is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en——and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*
Cas. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar*'s bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

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Guide thou the ſword——*Cæſar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee.——
[*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my Will. Oh, *Caſſius!*
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Caſſius*' legions are by *Antony*.
Tit. Theſe Tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſ. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.
Meſ. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!
Meſ. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*;
But *Caſſius* is no more! Oh, ſetting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius*' day is ſet;
The Sun of *Rome* is ſet! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, *Pindarus?* where art thou, *Pindarus?*
Meſ. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report

Into

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Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit* Mes.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius!*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods——This is a *Roman*'s part.
[*Stabs himself.*
Come, *Cassius*' sword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius!*—
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To

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To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——
Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our Camp,
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.
'Tis three o' clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend,
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's friend; know me for *Brutus*. [*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And, may'ſt be honour'd, [4] being *Cato*'s Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

[5] *Luc.* Only I yield to die.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

There

4——*being* Cato's *ſon.*] *i. e.* worthy of him.

5 Luc. *Only I yield to die;*
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;] This laſt line is unintelligible; the reaſon of which is the loſs of the pre-

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius*' Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

preceding. For by the cirumstances I collect, that the reply of the soldier to the words, *Only I yield to die*, is wanting; which circumstances may lead us too to the discovery of what that reply was; and reciprocally by that reply to the recovery of the sense of this unintelligible line. I think then it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, *Only I yield to die*; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinently demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?* To which *Lucilius* who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

i. e. so much resistance still on foot, that thou wilt choose to rid me out of the way, that thou may'st go, without the embarras of prisoners, to the assistance of thy friends who still want it.

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius!*

Dar. Oh, *Clitus!*

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis* once;
And, this last night, here in *Philippi*' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,

Than

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Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have Glory by this losing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's History.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your hand first——fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*;——*Cæsar*, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

SCENE

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SCENE IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, *and the army.*

Octa. What Man is that?
Mes. My Master's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.
Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.
Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.
Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato?*
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.
Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all.
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did That they did in envy of great *Cæsar:*
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; "This was a Man!
Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him;
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to Rest; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

" NAY, but this dotage of our General
" O'er-flows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
" That o'er the files and musters of the war
" Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
" The office and devotion of their view
" Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
" Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

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" The buckles on his breast, [1] reneges all temper;
" And is become the bellows, and the fan,
" To cool a Gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
" [2] The triple pillar of the world transform'd
" Into a Strumpet's Stool. Behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a [3] bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good Lord, from *Rome.*

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony.*
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.——

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like,)

1 *reneges*] Renounces. Mr. *Pope.*

2 *The triple pillar of the world transform'd*
Into a Strumpet's FOOL.—] The metaphor is here miserably mangled. We should read,
Into a Strumpet's STOOL.
The *pillar* of the world, says he, is transformed into a strumpet's *Stool.* Alluding to the custom of strumpets sitting in the lap of their lovers. So *Ajax* in *Troilus and Cressida*, calls *Thersites*, *Thou* STOOL *for a witch. Shakespear* too, in the use of *pillar* and *stool*, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from Στύλος, *columna.*

3 *bourn*] Bound or limit. Mr. *Pope.*

You

You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Proceſs? *Cæſar*'s? I'd ſay, both?
Call in the Meſſengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager: elſe, ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers——

Ant. "Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, [4] and the wide arch
"Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus; when ſuch a mutual Pair, [*Embracing*.
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world [5] to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. *Antony*
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
[6] Without ſome pleaſure new: what ſport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. "Fie, wrangling Queen!
"Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
"To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
"To make it ſelf in thee fair and admired.
No Meſſenger, but thine;——and all alone,

4 —— *and the wide arch*] Taken from the *Roman* cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble.

5 *to weet*,] To know. Mr. *Pope*,

6 *Without ſome pleaſure* NOW:——] We ſhould read NEW: A ſentiment much in character of the luxurious and debauched *Antony*. It is the antitheſis to *conference harſh*.

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To night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt, with their Train.*

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Sooth-ſayer.*

Char. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Sooth-ſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? [7] Oh! that I knew this husband, which you ſay, muſt charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer,——

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

7 *Oh! that I knew this husband, which you ſay, muſt* CHANGE *his horns with garlands.*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is, *muſt* CHARGE *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands.

Char.

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Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means, in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage! find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.
[8] *Char*. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen, and proved, a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.
Char. [9] Then, belike, my children shall have no names;

8 Char. *Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakespear* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of those *ominous* speeches, in which the ancients were so superstitious: For the aspicks, by which *Charmian* died, and after her mistress, were conveyed in a basket of *figs*. *Omens* (a superstition which *Pythagoras* first taught the *Greeks*) were the undesigned consequence of words casually spoken. The words were sometimes taken from the speaker, and applied by the hearers to the speaker's own affairs, as in the case of *Paulus Æmilius*, after his conquest of *Macedon*. Sometimes again the words of the speaker were transferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the case of the same *Paulus* before his conquest of *Macedon*. *Itaque rebus divinis quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis, imperabatur*. Cicero de Divin. l. 1.

9 *Then, belike, my children shall* have no names.] *i. e.* be of no note, a *Greek* mode of expression; in which language, Δισώνυμος signifies both *double-named* and *famous*, because anciently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits.

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Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. [1] If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.——

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how?——give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my Husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*,——Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.—— O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worst, 'till the worst of all fol-

1 *If every of your wishes had a womb,*
And foretold *every wish, a million.*] This nonsense should be reformed thus,

If ev'ry of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wish,*——

low

low him laughing to his Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras. *Amen*, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. *Amen!*

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A *Roman* thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus*,——

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

Alex. Here at your service; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Messenger, and Attendants*.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.
[*Exeunt*.

Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius?*

Mes. Ay, but soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst *Cæsar*:

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Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. "When it concerns the fool or coward; on.—
Things, that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.
Mes. *Labienus* (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, [2] extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilst——
Ant. *Antony*, thou wouldst say——
Mes. Oh, my Lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
[3] When our quick minds lye still; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.
Mes. At your noble pleasure.
Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? speak there.
Mes. The Man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one?
[*Exit first Messenger.*
Attend. He stays upon your will.

2 ——*extended Asia*;] *i. e.* widened or extended the bounds of the lesser *Asia*.

3 *When our quick* WINDS *lye still*;——] We should read MINDS. The *m* was accidentally turn'd the wrong way at the press. The sense is this, *While the active principle within us lies immerged in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits: But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, at it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harvest.* This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him.

Ant.

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Ant. Let him appear;
These strong *Ægyptian* fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger, with a Letter.

2 *Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mes.* In *Sicyon.*
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Forbear me.——— [*Exit second Messenger.*
There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; [4] the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of itself; she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus?*

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then we kill all our women. We see, how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this,

4 ——— *the present pleasure,*
By revolution lowring, *does become*
The opposite *of itself;*———] The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the *east*, and *by revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes *the opposite of itself.*

dies

dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her; she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia?*

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business, she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more light answers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The

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[5] The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry people,
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main Soldier; whose quality going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like [6] the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.——
I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

5 *The cause of our* expedience—] *Expedience*, for expedition.

6 —— *the courser's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. Mr. *Pope*.

You

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate That, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
[*Seeming to faint.*
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman? you may go;
'Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know,——

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*,——

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* riotous madneſs
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant.

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Ant. Most sweet Queen,——
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;——
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our Brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was [7] a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How, now, lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt*.
Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while; but my full heart
Remains in Use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.
Equality of two domestick Pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should (*a*) salve my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?
Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

7 —— *a* race *of heav'n.*——] *i. e.* had a smack or flavour of heaven.

[(*a*) *salve.* Mr. *Theobald.*——Vulg. *save.*]

Look

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Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine shall be receiv'd.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus*' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, [8] I'm quickly ill, and well:
So, *Antony* loves.
Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and say, the tears
Belong to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by my sword——
Cleo. And target—Still he mends:
But this is not the best. Look, pry'thee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become

8 —*I'm quickly ill, and well,*——
So, Antony *loves.*] It should be pointed thus,
I'm quickly ill and well:
So Antony *loves.*

So, i. e. thus fantastically and capriciously. But the common pointing makes her say the quite contrary.

The

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The carriage of his chase.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word;
Sir, you and I must part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) something it is, I would:
[9] Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. [1] But that your royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
For Idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such Idleness so near the heart,
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your sword
Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,

9 *Oh, my oblivion is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget my self.* But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness, Antony*; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintness of expression, the *Oxford Editor* is forced to tell us news, *That* all forgotten *is an old way of speaking, for* apt to forget every thing.

1 *But that your royalty*
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
For Idleness itself.] i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the* greatest *fool on earth in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the* greatest. That this is the sense, is shewn by her answer,

'Tis sweating labour
To bear such Idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra, *this.*——

And

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to Cæsar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar *reading a letter*, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

Cæs. YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar*'s natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
You shall there find a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness: hereditary,
Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon; and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him;
(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish;) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His

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His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the drineſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, (*a*) immature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the ports
The Diſcontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
[2] It hath been taught us from the primal State,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,

2 *It hath been taught us from the primal State,*
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*]

Let us examine the ſenſe of this in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always wiſh'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, becauſe they want him? Certainly, we muſt read;

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young *Pompey*, and what occaſion'd this reflexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

I ſhall be lov'd, *when I am* lack'd.

[(*a*) *immature in knowledge.* Oxford Editor. — Vulg. *being mature in knowledge.*]

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Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. *Antony*,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails;—When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy Palate then did deign
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was bore ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i'th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep.

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Lep. To morrow, *Cæsar*.
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel, my lord:
What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. CHarmian,——
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandragoras*.
Char. Why, Madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason.——
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,——
Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

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What *Venus* did with *Mars*.
Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. "He's ſpeaking now,
"Or murmuring, where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*—
"(For ſo he calls me;) Now I feed myſelf
"With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
"That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
"And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl.—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, [3] I will pace

Her

3 —— *I will* PIECE
Her opulent throne with kingdoms.—] This expreſſion of *piecing her throne*, is indeed tolerable; but barely ſo. No bungling

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So, he nodded;
[4] And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
[5] Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly done by him.

bungling carpenter could have expressed his labour worse. I suspect that *Shakespear* wrote,

——— *I will* PACE
Her opulent throne with kingdoms.

i. e. I will erect an imperial throne for her, and every *step* up to it shall be a kingdom. The expression is noble, and the idea vastly magnificent.

4 *And soberly did mount an* arm-gaunt *steed,*] *i. e.* his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So *Farefax,*

His stall-worn *steed the champion stout bestrode.*

5 *Who neigh'd so loud, that what I would have spoke,*
Was beastly DUMB *by dim.*]. Mr. *Theobald* reads *dumb'd,* put to silence. Alexas *means* (says he) *the horse made such a neighing that if he had spoke he could not have been heard.* A very pretty speech, and agreeable to the politeness of one of *Cleopatra*'s courtiers. *Shakespear* wrote,

Who neigh'd so loud, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly DONE *by him.*

i. e. the sense of what I would have spoke the horse declared, tho' in inarticulate sounds. The case was this, *Alexas* came to take leave of *Antony,* who recommended a message to him to his mistress. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments: But in that instant *Antony* mounted his war-horse, long accustomed to bear him, who no sooner felt his master's weight, but, as is usual for horses of service, neighed in a very sprightly manner. This circumstance, (such a one as poets and romancers when they speak of their heros' adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony,* which could not but please *Cleopatra. I was going,* says he, *to pay my farewel compliments to* Antony, *to predict his future successes, and to salute him with the usual appellations of victory, when the horse got the start of me; and by his neighing so high and sprightly, shewed him to be sensible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conquest.* But we are not to suppose that *Alexas* after this did not make his speech, but let the hero's horse do it for him. This was only a small interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumstance, he mentions to please his mistress. The error of *dumb* for *done,* seems to have been occasioned by the editor's mistaking the word *high* for *loud,* whereas it here signifies *sprightly.*

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extreams
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him;
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh, that brave *Cæſar!*
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.
Cleo. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. [6] My ſallad days;

When

6 *My ſallad days:*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then,—] This puzzles the late editor Mr. *Theobald*. He ſays, Cleopatra *may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood may admit ſome queſtion:* And then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* ſeaſon of her *blood* ſhe

When I was green in judgment.—Cold in blood!
To say, as I said then,—But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll
unpeople *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pomp. [1] While we are suitors to their Throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.

Men.

she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because *Plutarch* calls *Cleopatra* at those years, Κόρη, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that state which the *Greeks* designed by Κόρη, was the very height of blood. But *Shakespear*'s best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing.

My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment, Cold in blood!
To say as I said then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.*

1 *While we are suitors to their Throne*, DECAYS
The thing we sue for.] This nonsense should be read thus,

While we are suitors to their Throne, DELAY'S
The thing we sue for.

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Men. We, ignorant of our ſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My pow'r's (*a*) a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets mony, where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters Both,
Of Both is flatter'd; but he Neither loves,
Nor Either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs——

Menecrates had ſaid, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them. i. e.* the delay of our enemies in making preparation againſt us; which he explains afterwards, by ſaying *Mark Antony* was tied up by luſt in *Ægypt*; *Cæſar*, by avarice at *Rome*; and *Lepidus* employed in keeping well with both.

[(*a*) *a creſcent.* Mr. *Theobald.*——Vulg. *are creſcent.*]

Enter

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius?*
Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.
Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.
Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant, they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will hav't! it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. GOOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'entreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer, like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
[2] Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not shav't to day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not, if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*.——
Hark, *Ventidius*.
Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble friends,

2 *Were I the wearer of* Antonio's beard,
I would not shav't to day.] Alluding to the phrase, *I will beard him.*

Than

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That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome.*

Ant. Thank you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæſ. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world; More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt:* yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. [3] Your Wife and Brother
Made

3 ——— *Your Wife and Brother*
Made Wars upon me, and their Conteſtation
Was theam *for you, you were the Word of War.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which *Antony*'s wife and brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *theam* for *Antony* too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business: [4] my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did require it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this, my letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It must not be with this.
Caes. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her spirit in such another;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easie; but not such a Wife.
Eno. 'Would, we had all such Wives, that the Men might go to wars with the Women!

is directly contrary to the context, which shews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote;

——————*and their contestation*
Was theam'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, They took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection.

4 ——— *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act:——] *i. e.* never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

Ant.

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: For That you must.
But say, I could not help it.

Caes. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
[5] I told him of my self; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Caes. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.——

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak;
[6] The Honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing, that I lackt it: but on, *Cæsar*,
The article of my oath——

Caes. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather:
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;

5 *I told him of my self*;——] *i. e.* told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

6 *The Honour's* sacred——] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated.

For

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For which my self, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present Need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas.*

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of *Pompey*, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your considerate stone.——

Cæs. [7] I do not much dislike the manner, but
The matter of this speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa.*

7 *I do not much dislike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his speech:——] What, not dislike the matter of it? when he says presently after, that he would do every thing to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Besides, are we to suppose that common civility would suffer him to take the same liberty with *Antony*'s lieutenant, that *Antony* himself did? *Shakespear* wrote,

I do not much dislike the manner, *but*
The matter *of his speech:*——

i. e. 'tis not his liberty of speech, but the mischiefs he speaks of, which I dislike. This agrees with what follows, and is said with much urbanity, and show of friendship.

Agr.

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Agr. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.
Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar*, let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?
Cæs. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would say, "*Agrippa*, be it so,")
To make this good?
Cæs. The Power of *Cæsar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand:

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A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Caes. About the Mount *Misenum*.

Ant. What is his strength by Land?

Caes. Great, and increasing: but by Sea
He is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together! haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put our selves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Caes. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my Sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas!* my honourable friend, *Agrippa!*——

Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*

Mec.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there;——Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a flie by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;

" The Barge she sat in, like a burnish'd Throne,
" Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
" Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
" The Winds were love-sick with 'em; th' oars were
" silver,
" Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
" The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
" As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
" It beggar'd all description; she did lye
" In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
" [8] O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
" The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her,
" Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
" With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
" To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
" And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony!*

Eno. " Here Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,

8 *O'er-picturing that* Venus, *where we see* &c.] Meaning the *Venus* of *Protogenes* mentioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 10.

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" So many Mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
" 9 And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
" A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackles
" Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
" That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; 1 which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Egyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* Woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!
She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed;

9 *And made their bends* ADORNINGS.——] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus, her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *Shakespear* would say: *Cleopatra*, in this famous scene, personated *Venus* just rising from the waves: at which time the Mythologists tell us, the Sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable *Cleopatra* had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like *Nereids*. To make the whole therefore conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, *Shakespear* wrote,

And made their bends ADORINGS.

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been *Venus*.

1 ——*which, but for vacancy*
Had gone——] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*.

He

He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony* muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. [2] If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſt allott'ry to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,

2 *If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle*
The heart of Antony, Octavia *is*
A bleſſed LOTTERY *to him.*] Methinks, it is a very indifferent compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a *lottery*, as if ſhe might turn up *blank*, as well as prove a *prize* to *Antony*. The poet wrote, as I have reform'd the text, ALLOTTERY, there being as much difference between *lottery* and *allottery*, as between a preſent deſignation and a future chance.

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Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but That to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.
Octa. Good night, Sir.
Caes. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.

SCENE IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish your self in *Ægypt*?
Sooth. [2]Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. [2]I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.
Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. *Cæsar*'s.——Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side.
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar*'s is not. But, near him, thy angel
[3]Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.——
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.

2 *I see it in my* motion,——] *i. e.* the divinitory agitation.

3 *Becomes a* Fear,——] *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete.

But,

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But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him.
[*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*;—be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receiv't. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your ſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your Soldiers' dreſs,
Which will become you Both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt*.

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SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. GIVE me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love——
Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian.*
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony,*
And ſay, ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—oh times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:

Then

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[5] Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword *Philippan*. Oh, from *Italy*;——

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mes. Madam! Madam!——
Cleo. *Antony*'s dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.
Mes. First, Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mes. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
[6] Not like a formal man.
Mes. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,

5 *Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst*
I wore his sword Philippan.—] This is finely imagined. The speaker is supposed to do this in imitation of *Omphale*, in her treatment of *Hercules* the great ancestor of *Antony*.

6 *Not like a* formal *man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary.

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[7] I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mes. *Cæsar* and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam———

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
[8] The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? [*Strikes him.*

7 *I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their Kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl*: so *Milton*,

———*the gorgeous East with liberal hand*
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane* written by a *Persian* contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Monsieur *Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap. 1. *Les Princes du sang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries* selon la coûtume.

8 *The good* precedence;—] *Precedence*, for precedent.

Hence,

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou had'ſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt —
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afraid to come,
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf: ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?

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I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say, *Yes*.
Mes. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mes. Should I lie, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didst;
So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?——
Mes. I crave your Highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?——
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.
Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
(*a*) That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence,
The merchandises, thou hast brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[*Exit Mes.*
Char. Good your Highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*——'tis no matter.——
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,—
Let him for ever go——let him not, *Charmian*;

[(*a*) *That say'st but what*—— Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *That art not what*——]

Though

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Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
Th' other way he's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Coaſt of Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another*, Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. YOUR hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,)
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made Thee, all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And That is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whoſe burthen
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpightful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble Father.

Cæſ.

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Cæſ. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent,) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.
Cæſ. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia:* and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of Pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome:* this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience.—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i'th' Eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
That

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That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
[9] What counts hard fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pomp. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That I will, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno. No more of that: he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, Soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four Feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

9 *What* counts *hard fortune* casts, &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.

Eno.

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Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent* Enob. *and* Menas.
Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this Treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.
Eno At sea, I think.
Men. We have, Sir.
Eno. " You have done well by water.
Men. " And you by land.
Eno. " [1] I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land-service; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.
Men. No slander——they steal hearts.

1 *I will praise any man that will praise me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humourous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's; and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way thro' the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflexion.

Eno.

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Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæſar*'s Siſter is called *Octavia.*

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now ſhe is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not propheſie ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony.* He will to his *Ægyptian* Diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is: He married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt.*

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

On Board Pompey's *Galley.*

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* HERE they'll be, man: some o'their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* [2] They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* [3] As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' Drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' *Nile*
By certain scale i'th' pyramid; they know,

2 *They have made him drink* alms-drink,] A phrase, amongst good-fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to *Cæsar* and *Antony*'s admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy,

3 *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place.*

By

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By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher *Nilus* swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not so as I should be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy*'s Pyramisis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain. And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me, 'till anon. [*Whispers.*
This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

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Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.
Pom. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's else to say? be jolly, Lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.
Pom. How shall that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors,
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men.

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Men. For this,
I'll never follow [4] thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.
Ant. Bear him ashoar, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.
Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.
Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.
Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.——
[*Pointing to* Lepidus.
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! seest not?
Men. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou, encrease the reels,
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not an *Alexandrian* Feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the vessels, hoa.
Here is to *Cæsar*.
Cæs. I could well forbear it;
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o'th' time.
Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather
Fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our Drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath steept our sense
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

4 ——— *thy* pall'd *fortunes*—] Pall'd, *i. e.* dead. Metaphor taken from funeral solemnities.

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Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
The while I'll place you; then the Boy shall sing:
The Holding every man shall beat as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, *with pink eyne.*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæs. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night. Good Brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. [5] Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas.*

Men. I'll not on shoar.
No, to my cabin——these drums!

5 *Oh*, Antony, *you have my father's house.*] The historian *Paterculus* says, *Cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurdè cum in navi Cæsaremque & Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit:* In Carinis suis se cœnam dare: *referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur.* Our author, tho' he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story.

These

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Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo, ſays 'a! there's my cap.
Men. Hoa!—— noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him,* Silius, Roman *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our Hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus.*
Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*, *Meſopotamia*, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſſius*,

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One of my Place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his Favour.
Who does i'th' wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, [1] That, without the which
A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*?

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his name,
[2] That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten Horse of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; ——pass along. [*Exeunt.*

1 ——————*That, without the which*
A soldier and his sword grant *scarce distinction*:] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this, *Thou hast that*, Ventidius, *which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would both be equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages; And his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

2 *That* magical *word of war*,——] This admirably well expresses what the *Romans* meant by their *Auspicium Ducis*: in which they were so remarkably superstitious.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Changes to ROME.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another*.

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!
Eno. *Cæsar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.
Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?
Eno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh! the non-pareil!
Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!
Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say,——*Cæsar*; go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle; so—
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets*.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewel.

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Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortresses of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes: it is love's Spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, *Octavia?*

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; "the swan'd down-feather,
"That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
"And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno.

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Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, *Enobarbus?*
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæs. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [*Kisses* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head

I'll

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I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:—Come Thou near.
Mes. Most gracious Majesty,———
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mes. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. In *Rome*, Madam.
I lookt her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mes. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? oh *Isis!* 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and dwarfish.
What Majesty is in her gate? remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on Majesty.
Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shews a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mes. [3] Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing.
I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.

3 *Or I have no* observance.] *Observance*, for observation or ability of observing.

Cleo.

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Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mes. Madam, she was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? it's long, or round?
Mes. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For th' most part too,
They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?
Mes. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. O, nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long?
Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Changes to Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay, *Octavia*, not only That,
That were excusable, That and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he (*a*) not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, oh, bless my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose my self; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war,
Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste;

[(*a*) *not took't.* Dr. *Thirlby.*——Vulg. *not look'd.*]

So,

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So, your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of Power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! [4] wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. *Cæsar*, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalty, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more: and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him. Crys, "fool *Lepidus!*

4 ——— *wars 'twixt you 'twain would be,* &c.] The thought is wonderfully sublime. It is taken from *Curtius*'s leaping into the gulf in the Forum, in order to close the gap. As that was closed by one *Roman*, so it is insinuated, that if the whole world were to cleave, *Romans* only could *solder* up the chasm. The expression is exact. For as metal is soldered by metal more pure and noble, so the globe was to be soldered up by men, who are only a more refined earth.

And

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And threats the throat of that his Officer,
That murder'd *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more, *Domitius*,
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace in Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I'th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place, where they exercise,
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr.

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Agr. Who, queasie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like
Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, *with Attendants.*

Oct. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my lord! hail, most dear *Cæsar!*
Cæs. That ever I should call thee Cast-away!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? you come not
Like *Cæsar*'s sister; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd

Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oftentation of our love; which, left unfhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we fhould have met you
By fea and land, fupplying every ftage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conftrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæf. [5] Which foon he granted,
Being an Obftruct 'tween his luft and him.

Oct. Do not fay fo, my lord.

Cæf. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæf. No, my moft wronged fifter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath affembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,

5 *Which foon he granted,*
Being an Abftract *'tween his luft and him.*] *Antony* very foon comply'd to let *Octavia* go at her requeit, fays *Cæfar*; and why? Becaufe fhe was an *abftract* between his inordinate paffion and him; this is abfurd. We muft read,

Being an Obftruct *'tween his luft and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obftruction, a bar to the profecution of his wanton pleafures with *Cleopatra*.

With

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With a more larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

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Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should serve with horse and mares together, the horse were merely lost; the mares would bear a soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and there tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the president of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundusium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For That he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which

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Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress. In *Cæsar*'s fleet
Are those that often have against *Pompey* fought;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security,

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my *Thetis!*

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sol. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,

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Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.

Sol. By *Hecrules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Juſteius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They ſay, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *with his army marching.*

Cæſ. *Taurus?*

Taur. My lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle,
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter.

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Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o' th' hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Canidius, *marching with his land-army one way over the ſtage; and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
[6] Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, flie, and turn the rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeſſes,
All the whole Synod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion?
Scar. [7] The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſt away
Kingdoms and Provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. "On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
"Where death is ſure. Your [8] ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
"(Whom leproſie o'ertake!) i' th' midſt o' th' fight,
"(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
"Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;)
"The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,

6 *Th' Antonias &c.*] Which *Plutarch* ſays, was the name of *Cleopatra*'s ſhip. Mr. *Pope*.

7 *The greater* cantle——] A piece or lump. Mr. *Pope*.

8 *Ribauld*] A luxurious ſquanderer. Mr. *Pope*.

" Hoists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. " She once being looft,
" The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
" Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
" Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Most grosly by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.
Can. Towards *Peloponnesus* are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to't.
And there I will attend what further comes.
Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions and my horse; six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt, severally.*

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes.

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Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd That I blush to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint,
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command,
Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh *Juno*!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. "Yes, my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
" His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
" The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*; [9] and 'twas I,
" That

9 ——*and 'twas I,*
That the MAD Brutus *ended*;—] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic

" That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—no matter—
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen——
Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me; oh!
Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving——
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt?* see,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would

heroic love of ones country and publick liberty, *madness*; yet the *Oxford Editor* changes it to *sad* Brutus.

Obey

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Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me.——
We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; some wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with others.*

Cæs. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens:* this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves

The

The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them Both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands:
[*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise; [*To* Thyreus.
And, in our name, when she requires, add more
(From thine invention) offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT shall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. [1] (*a*) Drink, and die.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno.

1 *Drink, and die.*] This reply of *Enobarbus* seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, which is related by *Plutarch*: that, after their defeat at *Actium*, they

[(*a*) *Drink, and die.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *think, and die.*]

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Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nickt his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambassador.*

Ant. Is that his answer?
Amb. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.
Amb. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With Principalities.
Cleo. Thy head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular; his coyn, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the Service of a child, as soon
As i' th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
[2] To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And

they instituted a society of friends who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, excess and riot, in which they had liv'd before. *Oxford Editor.*

2 *To lay his gay* comparisons *apart,*
And answer me declin'd,——] The sense is, let him not insist on the inequality of our conditions, but descend to my low estate,

And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Our ſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exit* Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtaged to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder.—" I ſee, men's judgments are
" A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
" Do draw the inward quality after them,
" To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs!—*Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee, my women,—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
The loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

eſtate, and meet me ſingle. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpear* coined the word *compariſons* analogically from the *Italian*, which ſays, *veſtito poſitivamente*, to ſignify one cloathed ſimply and modeſtly, in oppoſition to the *comparative* and *ſuperlative*. But, as uſual, he has made it ſerve to quibble to—*decline*, another term of Grammar.

Eno.

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Eno. [3] He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has:
Or needs not us if *Cæsar* pleaſe. Our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: for, as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar*'s.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, [4] *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæsar*.
Cleo. Go on;——right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.
Eno. To be ſure of that,——
I will ask *Antony*——Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* Eno.

3 *He needs as many, Sir, as* Cæſar *has:*
Or needs not us. If Cæſar *pleaſe, our maſter*
Will leap &c.] All ſenſe is loſt in this falſe pointing, which ſhould be reformed thus,

He needs as many, Sir, as Cæſar *has;*
Or needs not us if Cæſar *pleaſe. Our maſter*
Will leap &c.

i. e. while he is at enmity with *Cæsar* he needs a power equal to *Cæsar*'s; but if he pleaſes to receive *Antony* into his friendſhip he will then want no other ſupport. This is ſenſible and polite.

4 ——— Cæſar *intreats,*
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.] i. e. Cæſar *intreats, that at the ſame time you conſider your deſperate fortunes, you would conſider he is* Cæſar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reſtore them.

Thyr.

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Thyr. Shall I say to *Cæsar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourself under his shroud, the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. [5] Most kind messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course:
" Wisdom and fortune combating together,
" If that the former dare but what it can,
" No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar*'s father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

5 *Most kind messenger;*
Say to great Cæsar *this in* DISPUTATION,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:——] The poet certainly wrote,

Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar *this; in* DEPUTATION
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:

i. e. by *Proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.

SCENE

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S C E N E X.

Enter Antony, *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove*, that thunders.——
[*Seeing* Thyreus *kiss her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite! now, Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, hoa!
[6] Like boys unto a muss, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!——
Whip him:——Were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since she was *Cleopatra?*)——whip him, fellows——
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony——
Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyreus.
You were half blasted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in *Rome*,

6 *Like boys unto a* muss,—] *i. e.* a scramble. Mr. *Pope.*

For-

Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord,——

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(Oh misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O that I were
Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,

The

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The white hand of a lady feaver thee,
Shake to look on't.—Go, get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, most easie 'tis to do't:
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:——
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.——

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison't in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! the next *Cæsario* smite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the (*a*) discandying of this pelletted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm satisfied:
Cæsar sets down in *Alexandria*, where

[(*a*) *discandying*. Dr. *Thirlby*.—First Folio. *discandering*.]

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I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when my hours
[7] Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought, t'have held it poor: But since my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my Queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. "Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be furious,
" Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
" The dove will peck the estridge; and, I see still,
" A diminution in our captain's brain

7 *Were nice and lucky,*——] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace.

" Restores

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" Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas, *with their Army.* Cæsar *reading a Letter.*

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt.* My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to *Antony.* Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony!*
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well
And Kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [1] 'Tis one of thoſe odd Traits, which ſorrow ſhoots

1 *'Tis one of thoſe odd* TRICKS,——] The uniformity of the metaphor leads us to ſee that *Shakeſpear* wrote TRAITS, arrows, ſhafts. A ſimilar expreſſion we have in *Cymbeline: 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing, which the brain makes of fumes. J'ai eté quelque tems à entendre ce que vous voulez me dire par un* TRAIT *que vos* tirez *contre moi,* ſays M. *de Turenne* in one of his letters; where the word *trait* has much the ſame ſignification as in the place before us. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to *freaks*; but ſure any thing which is predicated of *freaks* may be predicated of *tricks,* and nonſenſe for nonſenſe, the old ſhould keep its ground as being in poſſeſſion.

Out

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Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,———
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now [2] the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

2 ———*the witch* take *me*,—] *i. e.* blaſt, bewitch.

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Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* BRother, good night: to morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i'th' air.——
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.——
It ſignes well, does it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay: what ſhould this mean!
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*

Omnes.

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Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter. Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. EROS, mine armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—falſe, falſe; this, this;—
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.
Eno. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros*; and my Queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to day, and knew'ſt

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The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.
Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good morrow, General!
All. Good morrow, General!
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that,—this way—well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful cheek it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Caeſar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, *Antony*,——but now,—well on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*
Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar*'s camp
Say, "I am none of thine.
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæsar*.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Changes to Cæsar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
[3] Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. *Cæsar*, I shall.
Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
[4] Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant those, that have revolted, in the Van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*
Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perswade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the rest,

3 *Our will is,* Antony *be took alive*;] It is observable with what judgment. *Shakespear* draws the character of *Octavius*. *Antony* was his Hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a Hero. Amidst these difficulties *Shakespear* has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud and revengeful.

4 *Shall bear the olive* freely.] *i. e.* shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture.

That

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true; beſt you ſee ſafe the bringer
Out of the hoſt: I muſt attend mine office.
Or would have done't myſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo, moſt. O *Antony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——no, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life.

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, [5] and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

5 ——*and our* oppreſſion] *Oppreſſion*, for oppoſition.

Alarum.

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; [6] run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Geſts; to morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought

6 ——————— *run one before,*
And let the Queen know of our Gueſts;—] What *Gueſts* was the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to *Alexandria*, and treating his officers in the Palace. We muſt read,
And let the Queen know of our Geſts.
i. e. *res geſtæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in common uſe.

Not

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shewn yourselves all
Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

" [7] To this great Faiery I'll commend thy acts,
" Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' world,
" [8] Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
" Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
" [9] Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
" The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy [1] favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to day,
" As if a God in hate of mankind had
" Destroyed in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

7 *To this great* Faiery——] For *Inchantress*, in which sense the word is often used in the old romances.

8 Chain *mine arm'd neck*;——] Alluding to the gothic custom of men of worship wearing gold chains about the neck.

9 Ride *on the pants triumphing*.] Alluding to an admiral ship on the billows after a storm. The metaphor is extremely fine.

1 Here Mr. *Theobald* restores an *f* deposed by the printer to make room for an *s*.

Ant.

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Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
[2] Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' Court of Guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By th' ſecond hour i'th' morn.
1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Eno. O bear me witneſs, night!
2 *Watch.* What man is this?
1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.
Eno. " Oh ſovereign Miſtreſs of true melancholy,

2 *Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.*] *i. e.* hackt as much as the men are, to whom they belong.

" The

" The poisonous damp of night [2] dispunge upon me,
" That life, a very rebel to my will,
" May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cæsar*.

2 *Watch.* Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*

[3] Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt.*

2 ——dispunge *upon me,*] *Dispunge* a word of his own invention, from the squeezing out a spunge upon any one.

3 *Hark, how the drums* demurely——] *Demurely* for solemnly. The *Oxford Editor* changes *demurely* to *din early*.

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to day by sea,
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
[4] Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, *and his Army.*

Cæs. [5] But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all,

4 *Where their* appointment *we may best discover,*
And look on their endeavour.] *i. e.* where we may best discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*.

5 *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,*
Which, as I take't, we shall;—] *i. e.* unless we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charged* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*, which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

Not *being charg'd, we will be still by land,*
Which as I take't we shall not.

I'll

I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's loſt! this foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly,
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
" Oh, Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
" Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
" Do we ſhake hands—all come to this!—[7]the hearts,
" That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave,
" Their

7 ——*The hearts*
That PANNELL'D *me at heels*, &c.] *Pannelling at heels* muſt mean here, *following:* but where was the word ever found in ſuch a ſenſe? *Pannel* ſignifies but three things, that I know, in the *Engliſh* tongue, none of which will ſuit with the alluſions here requiſite; *viz.* That roll or ſchedule of parchment on which the names of a Jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd *empannelling*; a pane or ſlip of wainſcot; and a packſaddle for beaſts of burden. The text is corrupt, and *Shakeſpear* muſt certainly have wrote;

That PANTLER'D *me at heels*;

i. e. run after me like footmen, or *pantlers*; which word originally ſigni-

" Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
" On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh, this false soul of *Ægypt*! this gay Charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me [8] to the very heart of loss.
What *Eros*! *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.——
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex. [9] Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up

signified the servants who have the care of the bread, but is used by our poet for a menial servant in general, as well as in its native acceptation.

Thus in *Cymbeline*,

A bilding for a liv'ry, a Squire's cloth,
A PANTLER;——

And *Timon*,

——*page thy heels,*
And skip when thou point'st out.

8——*to the very* heart of loss.] *i. e.* to the very centre; alluding to the term of the *heart of wood*.

9 ——*most monster-like, be shewn*
For poor'st diminutives, for DOLTS;——] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shews, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money; we must therefore read the next word,

for DOITS, *i. e.* farthings.

which shews what he means by *poorest diminutives*,

With

[1] With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thour't gone;
[*Exit* Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor; thy rage
[2] *(a)* Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,
Subdue *(b)* thy worthieſt ſelf. The Witch ſhall die;
To the young *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit*.

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' Monument,
There lock your ſelf, and ſend him word you're dead:
" The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
" Than Greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th'
Monument. [*Exeunt*.

1 *With her* prepared *nails.*—] *i. e.* with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe.

2 *Led thee lodge* Lichas *on the horns o' th' moon,*] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from *Seneca's Hercules*, who ſays *Lichas* being lanched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. *Sophocles*, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate.

[(*a*) *Led thee lodge* Lichas,—*Oxford Editor*—Vulg. *Let me lodge* Lichas.]

[(*b*) —*thy worthieſt ſelf.*—Oxford Editor—Vulg. *my worthieſt ſelf.*]

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SCENE X.

Re-enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.
Eros. Ay, noble Lord.
Ant. ' Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
' A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
' A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
' A forked mountain, or blue promontory
' With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
' And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ' ſigns,
' They are black Veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. ' That, which is now a horſe, even with a ' thought
' The Rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
' As water is in water.
Eros. It do's, my Lord.
Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, (for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, *Eros*, has
[3] Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph——
Nay,

[3] Packt cards *with* Cæſar, *and* falſe play'd *my Glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph——] *Shakeſpear* has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has enobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *tranſferred:* thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word TRIUMPH, which either ſignifies *Octavius*'s conqueſts, or what we

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, *Antony!*
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy Eunuch, peace, she hath betray'd me,
And she shall die the death.
Mar. ' Death of one person can be paid but once,
' And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
' Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
' Was, *Antony!* most noble *Antony!*
' Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
' The name of *Antony*; it was divided
' Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
' Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then;
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Off, pluck off;———
The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! apace, *Eros*, apace.

we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. This use of the word fitted the venerable *Latimer* with a quibbling text to a sermon, preached to the scholars at *Cambridge* against card-playing, from *Proverbs*, as it is in the old translation, *My son be wise, and make the heart triumph*; which signified either, *Make the heart glad*, or *make hearts trumps*.

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No more a Soldier——bruised pieces, go;
[*Unarming himself.*
You have been nobly borne;——from me a while——
[*Exit* Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lye down and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; [4] seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen——*Eros!*—stay for me,
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the Ghosts gaze;
[5] *Dido* and her *Sichæus* shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.——Come, *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

4——seal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the *sealing* compleats the contract; so he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to —— *sleep then,*——

5 Dido *and her* ÆNEAS *shall want troops,*] But *Dido*'s fondness did not reach to the other world: She then despised *Æneas*, and return'd to her old affection for SICHÆUS.

Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In Nemus umbriferum: Conjunx ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus *amorem.*

I should think, therefore, that the poet wrote,

Dido *and her* SICHÆUS ——

And the rather, because the comparison of *Antony* to *Sichæus* is remarkably apposite. *Sichæus* was murder'd by his brother *Pygmalion* for his wealth, on which his wife *Dido* fled into *Africa*: So *Antony* was fought with and defeated at *Actium* by his brother *Octavius*, for his share of the dominion of the world, whereon *Cleopatra* fled from the victor's rage into *Ægypt*.

Quarter'd

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Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back,
With ships, made cities; condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble minded
Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
" I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horrour, that on my command thou then
Would'st kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do That, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros*,
Would'st thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
His basenes that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.——— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

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The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man,——and farewel.
Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Eros. Why, there then—— [Eros *kills himſelf.*
Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony's* death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſs in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?——
The guard——ho!——oh, diſpatch me.

SCENE IX.

Enter Dercetas, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The ſtar is faln.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This

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This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*
Der. There, *Diomed*, there.
Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?
Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.
Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Dio. Now, my Lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophe-ſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The Guard, What, hoa!
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.
All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant.

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid That welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. OH *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. [6] O thou Sun,
Turn from th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!——darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world! O *Antony!*

Help,

6 *O thou Sun,*
BURN *the great Sphere thou mov'st in*——darkling *stand*
The varying *shore o' th' world!*]—— *The varying shore o' th' world! i. e.* of the *Earth*, where light and darkness make an

Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæsar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.
Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Left I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
[7] And still conclusion shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we must draw thee up——
Assist, good friends.
Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,

an incessant *variation*. But then, if the Sun should set on fire the whole Sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the Earth *stand darkling?* On the contrary it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we will allow *Cleopatra* not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,

TURN FROM *th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!*——

i. e. forsake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the consequence would be, that the *varying shore* would become *invariably dark*.

7 *And* still conclusion,——] *i. e.* sedately collected in herself, which even the sight of me could not stir up into passion.

The

The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove*'s side. Yet come a little,——
Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety——
you——

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,
Lament, nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest once; and do not now basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman: A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more—— [Antony *dies*.

Cleo. Noblest of men!——woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye? O see, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt——my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empress!

Char. [8] Peace, peace, *Isis!*

Cleo.

8 *Peace, peace,* IRAS.] *Cleopatra* is fallen into a swoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her several titles. At length, *Charmian* says to the other, *Peace, peace,* Iras; on which *Cleopatra* comes to herself, and replies to these last words, *No, you are mistaken I am a mere woman like yourself.* Thus stands this senseless dialogue. But *Shakespear* never wrote it so: We must observe then, that the two women call her by her several titles, to see which best pleased her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only Men, but Gods too, had some names which, above others, they much delighted in, and would soonest answer to; as we may see by the hymns of *Orpheus, Homer,* and *Callimachus.* The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids say, *Sovereign Lady, Madam, Royal* Ægypt, *Empress.* And now we come to the place in question: *Charmian,* when she saw none of these titles had their effect, invokes her by a still more flattering one;

Peace, peace, ISIS!

for so it should be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by these titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddess ISIS. And now *Cleopatra*'s answer becomes pertinent and fine;

No more but a mere woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks.

i. e. I now see the folly of assuming to myself those flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman and subject to all the passions of the meanest of my species. Here the Poet has followed History exactly, and what is more, his author *Plutarch in Antonio*; who says, that *Cleopatra* assumed the habit and attributes of that Goddess, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people

Cleo. " No more but a meer woman; and commanded
" By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
" And does the meanest chares!—It were for me
" To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods;
" To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
" 'Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught:
" Patience is sottish, and impatience does
" Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
" To rush into the secret house of death,
" Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
" What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian?*
" My noble girls?——ah, women, women! look,
" Our lamp is spent, it's out—good Sirs, take heart,
" We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
" Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
" And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *body.*

people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. Κλεοπάτρα μὲν γὰρ καὶ τότε καὶ τὸν ἄλλον χρόνον εἰς πλήθος ἐξῶσα, στολὴν ἑτέραν ἱερὰν ΙΣΙΔΟΣ ἐλάμβανε, καὶ ΝΕΑ ΙΣΙΣ ἐχρημάτιζε.

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's *Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, *and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the sword of* Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleaseſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, oh, *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
Is not a single doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*,

Not

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Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Caes. Look you sad, friends:——
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To wash the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Caes. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars,
Unreconcileable, should have divided
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter season.——
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter

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Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, (her monument)
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
(*a*) Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius?* [*Exit* Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

[(*a*) *would be eternaling.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *would be eternal in.*]

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SCENE II.

Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. MY desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her Will; [1] and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
(Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dugg:)
The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar*'s.

1 ——— ——— *and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the DUNG:
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's] The action of Suicide is here said, *to shackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurse, and* Cæsar's. So far the description is intelligible. But when it is said, that *it sleeps and never palates more the Dung*, we find neither sense nor propriety: which is occasion'd by the loss of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the last word in the fourth. We should read the passage thus,

——— ——— *and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
(*Which sleeps, and never palates more the* DUGG:)
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

That this line in hooks was the substance of that lost, is evident from its making sense of all the rest: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repose (which now sleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurse of* Cæsar *and the beggar.*

Enter

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Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæsar sends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom; if he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fal'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqu'ror [2] that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vassal, [3] and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

2 ——— *that* will pray in aid *for kindness*,] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. *Oxford Editor.*

3 ——— *and I send him*
The Greatness he has got. ———] *i. e.* I have nothing to send him, alluding to the presents sent by vassals to their lords.

Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here* Gallus, *and Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a back Window.*

Gall. You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd.

Pro. Guard her, 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen.——

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

[*The Monument is open'd*; Proculeius *rushes in, and disarms the Queen.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not your self such wrong, [4] who are in this
Bereav'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: let the world see
His Nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:

4 ——— ——— *who are in this*

RELIEV'D, but *not betray'd.*] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had *Shakespear* used the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and* not betray'd. But that he used another word the reply shews, *What, of death too:* which will not agree with *relieved*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,

BEREAV'D, *but not betray'd.*

i. e. bereav'd of death, or of the means of destroying your self, *but* not *betray'd* to your destruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, she alludes to her being before *bereav'd* of *Antony*. And thus his speech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent.

If

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[5] If idle time will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's Court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varlotry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus*' mud
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

SCENE III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius.
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her;
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.

5 *If idle* TALK *will once be neceſſary,*] This nonſenſe ſhould be reform'd thus,

If idle TIME *will once be neceſſary.*

i. e. if *repoſe* be neceſſary to cheriſh life, I will not ſleep.

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Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known;
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I understand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please ye.——
Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little [6] O o'th' Earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature!——
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An (*a*) Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra ——
Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff

6 A *round* O restored by Mr. *Theobald.*

[(*a*) *Autumn.* Mr. *Theobald.*——Vulg. *Antony.*]

To

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To vye ſtrange forms with Fancy, [7] yet t'imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Prize 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as your ſelf, great; and you bear it,
As anſw'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæſar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable——

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

All. Make way there,——*Cæſar.*

7 ——————*yet t'imagine*
An Antony *were Nature's* PIECE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.] This is a fine ſentiment; but by the falſe reading and pointing become unintelligible. Though when ſet right, obſcure enough to deſerve a comment. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——————*yet t'imagine*
An Antony, *were Nature's* PRIZE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.

The ſenſe of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furniſh out real forms, for every model that the boundleſt power of the imagination can sketch out:* [Nature wants matter to vye ſtrange forms with Fancy] *But tho' this be true in general, that* nature *is more poor, narrow, and confined than* fancy, *yet it muſt be owned, that when* nature *preſents an* Antony *to us, ſhe then gets the better of* fancy, *and makes even the* imagination *appear poor and narrow:* Or, in our author's phraſe, [*condemns ſhadows quite.*] The word PRIZE, which I have reſtored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *nature* and *imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *nature* gaining the PRIZE by producing *Antony.*

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SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise, rise, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
[8] I cannot procter mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your children,
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave. —

8 *I cannot* project *mine own cause so well*] *Project* signifies to *invent* a cause, not to *plead* it; which is the sense here required. It is plain then we should read,

I cannot PROCTER *my own cause so well.*

The technical term, to plead by an advocate.

Cleo.

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Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of Conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of—'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted—where's *Seleucus*?
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, *Cæſar!* Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more Truſt
Than love that's hir'd—What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,

Im-

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Inmoment toys, things of such Dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods!—it smites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;——
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
9 Through th' ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. 1 Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We answer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

9 *Through th' ashes of my* chance:] Or *fortune*. Alluding to an imperial edifice burnt down and reduced to ashes. So that the meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the *Oxford Editor* to alter it to *mischance*.

1 *Be't known, that we the Greatest are misthought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.] This false pointing has rendered the sentiment, which was not very easy at best, altogether unintelligible. The lines should be pointed thus,

Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are misthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We answer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accused and blamed for the miscarriages of our ministers; and when any misfortune hath subjected us to the power of our enemies, we are sure to be punished for those faults. As this is the case, it is but reasonable that we should have the merit of our ministers' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad.* But she softens the word *merit* into *pity*. The reason of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much censure from *Octavius*, which she would hereby artfully insinuate was owing to her evil ministers,

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Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put We i'th' roll of Conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so:—adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his train.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.
But hark thee, *Charmian.* [*Whispers* Charmian.
Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.———
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Charm.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

sters. And as her present conduct, in concealing her treasures, appeared to be her own act, she being detected by her minister; she begs, that as she now answers for her former minister's miscarriages, so her present minister's merit in this discovery, might likewise be placed to her account: Which she thinks but reasonable. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering what he did not understand, and so transforms the passage thus,

———*And when we fall,*
We pander *others' merits* with *our names;*
And *therefore to be pitied.*

Char.

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Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your Command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen; I muſt attend on *Cæſar*. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſie aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras*: ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my Greatneſs.
I'th' poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I'm ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents. Now, *Charmian*,

Enter

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Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go—
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed;
And when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day—bring our Crown, and all.
[*A noise within.*

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*
May do a noble deed!—he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: [2] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman *and* Clown *with a basket.*

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. 'Truly, I have him: but I would not be 'the party should desire you to touch him, for his 'biting is immortal: those, that do die of it, do seldom 'or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. 'Very many, men and women too. I heard 'of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very ho-

2 ——— *now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the *Egyptian* devotion paid to the moon under the name of *Isis*.

'nest

'nest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman 'should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she 'dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, 'she makes a very good report o'th' worm: [3] but he, 'that will believe half that they say, shall never be 'saved by all that they do: but this is most fallible, 'the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. 'I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. 'You must think this, look you, that the 'worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. 'Look you, the worm is not to be trusted 'but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there 'is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. 'Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, 'for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. 'You must not think, I am so simple, but 'I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: 'I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if 'the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same 'whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their 'women! for, in every ten that they make, the 'devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. 'Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' worm.

[*Exit.*

3 —*But he, that will believe* all *that they say, shall never be saved by* half *that they do.*] *Shakespear*'s Clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

Cleo. " Give me my Robe, put on my Crown;
" I have
" Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
" The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape shall moist this lip.
" Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick——methinks, I hear
" *Antony* call, I see him rouse himself
" To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
" The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
" T' excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
" Now to that name my courage prove my title!
" I am fire, and air; my other elements
" I give to baser life. So——have you done?
" Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
" Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the asp.*
" Have I the aspick in my lips? dost fall? [*To* Iras.
" If thou and nature can so gently part,
" The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
" Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
" If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
" It is not worth leave taking. [Iras *dies.*
Char. Dissolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me base——
If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heav'n to have. " Come, mortal
" wretch,
" With thy sharp teeth [4] this knot intrinsicate
[*To the serpent.*
" Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

4 ——*this knot* intrinsicate] The expression is fine; it signifies a hidden, secret [*intrinsecus*] knot, as that which ties soul and body together.

" Be

" Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* ass,
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. ' Peace, peace!
' Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
' That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break?

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
O *Antony!*——Nay, I will take thee too.
[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*
What should I stay—— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well:
Now, boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd——Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen;

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent——
[Charmian *applies the Asp.*

Char. Too slow a messenger.
Oh, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.
Ah, soldiers!—— [Charmian *dies.*

Enter

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Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead!
Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar.*
Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.
Cæs. Bravest at last:
She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then!
1 *Gent.* Oh *Cæsar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.
Cæs. Oh noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail;
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile.*

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Caes. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it,
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome*: come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CYMBE-

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CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Q 2

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britaine.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband,*
Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *supposed Sons to* Belarius.
Belarius, *a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Posthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from* Rome.
Pisanio, *Servant to* Posthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in* Britaine; *sometimes in* Italy.

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CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

1 YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: Our brows
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
But seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.*

1 *You do not meet a man, but* frowns: *our* BLOODS
No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;
But seem, *as does the King*'s.] The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our Courtiers* obey the heavens [God] By which it appears, that the reading—*our bloods* is wrong. For tho' the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore,

——*our* BROWS
No more obey the heavens &c.

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1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom, (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded; ——
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following,

——*But not a Courtier,*
Altho' they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look, *but hath a heart that is*
Glad at the thing they scoul *at*——

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,

——*our* looks
No more obey the heart *ev'n than our courtiers;*

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* [2] You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* [3] I don't extend him, Sir: Within himself
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus:*
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which, their father,
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:

2 *You speak him* far.] *i. e.* largely in his praise. *Shakespear* with his common licence, only uses the *length* for the *breadth*.

3 *I* DO EXTEND *him, Sir,* within *himself*;
Crush him together,———] Thus the late Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, has given the passage, and explained it in this manner; *I extend him within the lists and compass of his merit:* Which is just as proper as to say, *I go out within doors.* To *extend* a thing *within* itself is the most insufferable nonsense: because the very etymology of the word shews, that it signifies the drawing out any thing BEYOND its *lists and compass*. Besides, a common attention was sufficient to perceive that *Shakespear*, in this sentence, used *extend and crush together*, as the direct opposites to one another; which, in this Editor's sense, they are not; but only different degrees of the same thing. We should read and point the passage thus,

I DON'T EXTEND *him, Sir: within himself*
Crush him together———

i. e. I do not extend him; on the contrary I crush him together.

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Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing
Mark it;) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo conveyd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them,———

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, *and attendants.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: You're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Dissembling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario*'s;
Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known

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Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure——yet I'll move him
[*Aſide.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries: to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Poſt. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathneſs to depart would grow:——adieu!

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air your ſelf,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Poſt. How, how, another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and Sweeteſt, Faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this faireſt pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the King! ———

Cym. Thou baſeſt Thing, avoid; hence, from my ſight:
If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

Cym. [4] O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yare age on me.

Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not your ſelf with your Vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; [5] a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?

4 *O diſloyal thing,*
Thou ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A Year's *age on me.*] The King lov'd his daughter, and was much vex'd and diſappointed at her having married againſt his conſent. But, ſurely, his ſorrow was not very extreme, if the effects of it only added one year to his age; we muſt correct,

A yare *age on me.*

i. e. a ſudden, precipitate, old age. For the word ſignifies not only *nimble, dextrous,* as it is many times employ'd in our author; but likewiſe, as SKENNER expounds it, *fervidus, promptus,* praeceps, *impatiens.* But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,

———*Thou heapeſt* many
A year's age on me.

5 —*a touch more* rare] More ſtrong, forcible; alluding to the ſtroke of lightening.

Imo.

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Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.

Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.

Imo. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my Throne
A Seat for Baſeneſs.

Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! 'would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh Thing;——
They were again together, you have done
[*To the Queen.*
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beſeech you patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t'our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter

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Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? what news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Hah!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I'm very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir! ——
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak with me;
You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
From this time leave me.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholsom as That you vent.

Clot.

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Clot. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith: Not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carkaſs, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' back-ſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clot. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled *forward* ſtill, towards your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clot. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!——

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. [6] She's a good Shine, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would, there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

6 *She's a good* ſign.] If *ſign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *conſtellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the anſwer, that he wrote *ſhine*. So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*,

As if, from thence, they borrowed all their ſhine.

Clot.

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Clot. You'll go with us?
1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship.
Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.
2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Imogen, *and* Pisanio.

Imo. I Would, thou grew'st unto the shores o'th' haven,
And question'd'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, [7] 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?
Pis. 'Twas, His Queen, his Queen!
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.
Imo. Senseless linnen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, Madam; [8] for so long

7 ——— *'twere a paper lost*
As offer'd mercy is ———] i. e. *Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as the offer'd mercy of heaven neglected or rejected.* But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,
——— *'twere a paper lost,*
With *offer'd mercy* in it.

8 ——— *for so long*
As he could make me with his *eye, or ear,*
Distinguish him from others,—] But how could *Posthumus* make himself distinguish'd by his *ear* to *Pisanio?* By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly *Shakespear's* intention. We must therefore read,
As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Distinguish him from others.
The expression is δεικτικῶς, as the *Greeks* term it: the party speaking points to the part spoken of.

As

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of 's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. ' I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
' To look upon him; [9] 'till the diminution
' Of's ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
' Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
' The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
' Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.——But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
" Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
" How I would think on him, at certain hours,
" Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
" The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
" Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
" At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

9 ——— *'till the diminution*
OF SPACE *had pointed him ſharp as my needle;*] But the increaſe of diſtance is the augmentation, not the *diminution* of *ſpace* between the object and the beholder: which augmentation occaſions the diminution of the object. We ſhould read therefore,
——— *'till the diminution*
OF'S SPACE———
i. e. of his ſpace, or of that ſpace which his body occupied; and this is the *diminution* of the object by the augmentation of ſpace.

" T'encounter

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"T'encounter me with Orisons; (for then
"I am in heaven for him;) [1] or ere I could
"Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
"Betwixt two charming words, [2] comes in my Father;

1 ——————— *or ere I could*
Give him the parting kiss, which I had set
Between two charming words.—] There is an inexpressible prettiness in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem set between two others of a different kind. But what were these two *charming words*, between which the *kiss* was set? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we consider *Shakespear* as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the *douceurs*, with which lovers are used to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the passage will be lost. Without question by these *two charming words* she would be understood to mean,

ADIEU, POSTHUMUS.

The one *Religion* made so; and the other, *Love*.

2 ——————— *comes in my Father;*
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from GROWING.] Had *Imogen* employed this image of the *North wind shaking the tender buds*, to express her father's rage at the discovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have said,

Shakes all our buds from growing;

because by banishing *Posthumus*, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance, which were things of duration; and in this case the *buds* of *fruit-trees* had been meant. But that was a thing passed, the discovery had been made, and his banishment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while *Posthumus* was taking his last farewel of her; and while they were going to interchange some tender words to one another, which was a pleasure, had it not been interrupted, but of a short and momentary duration. In this case then it is plain, that not *buds* of *fruit-trees*, but *buds* of *flowers* are alluded to: and if so, the present reading, which refers to *buds* of *fruit-trees*, is corrupt, and we must conclude that *Shakespear* wrote,

Shakes all our buds from BLOWING.

i. e. from opening, as full-blown flowers do. And I suppose that his using the word *blowing* here, was the reason why in the foregoing line he says, BREATHING *of the North*, instead of *blowing* of the North; (tho' *breathing* be not very proper to express the rage and bluster of the North wind) the repetition of which word, as it had then been used in two different senses, would have had an ill effect.

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" And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
" Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BElieve it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britaine*; he was then of a crescent Note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items.*

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with That which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking

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taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Briton.* Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans.*

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have ſaln both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

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French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chast, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profess my self her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*. [3] If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

3 *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could* NOT *believe she excelled many*] What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nonsense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, *I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho' she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, tho' I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.*

Post.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you:——

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoln too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier [4] to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.——

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a per-

4 *to* convince *the honour of my mistress*;] *Convince*, for overcome.

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ſwaſion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's That?

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: [5] my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my Speeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

5 ——*my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.*
Iach. *You are a* Friend, *and therein the wiſer;*] I correct it,
You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*
What *Iachimo* ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.
But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Phil.

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Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. [6] If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britaine*, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

6 Iach. — *If I bring you* NOT *sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are* YOURS; *so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, *&c.*

Post. *I embrace these conditions*, &c.] This was a wager between the two speakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Posthumus embraces* them: as well he might; for *Iachimo* mentions only *that* of the two conditions, which was favourable to *Posthumus*, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, (in case she preserved it not) *Iachimo*, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus, *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd*, &c. *my ten thousand ducats are* MINE; *so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour*, &c. *she your jewel*, &c. *and my gold are* yours.

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Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Iachimo.
French. Will this hold, think you?
Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Vial.*

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste.——Who has the note of them?
1 *Lady.* I, Madam.
Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master Doctor, you have brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam;
But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.
Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish,) is't not meet
That I did amplifie my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their sev'ral virtues and effects.

Cor.

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Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio?*
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. I do suspect you, Madam: [*Aside.*
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. Hark thee, a word.—— [*To* Pisanio.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those, she has,
Will stupifie and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.
Queen. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for

His

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His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the Viol.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf:
Think, what a chance thou chanceſt on; but think;—
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill: to boot, my ſon;
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women—
[*Exit* Piſanio.
Think on my words——A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord.—I've giv'n him That,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,

Bear

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Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd——O, that husband!
My supream crown of grief, [8] and those repeated
Vexations of it——Had I been thief-stoln,
As my two brothers, happy! [9] but most miserable
Is the desire, that's glorious. [1] Bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter

8 ——*and those repeated*
Vexations of it——] Meaning the Queen and her son: these are set, in comparison, with her husband, and make the sentiment extremely fine.

9 ——*but most miserable*
Is the desire, that's glorious.] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stoln as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of *Posthumus*, but could have taken up with *Cloten*, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chuses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious*; which the *Oxford Editor* not understanding alters to, *The* degree *that's glorious.*

1 ——*Bless'd be those*
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.——] The last words are equivocal: but the meaning is this, Who are beholden only to the seasons

for

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Enter Pisanio, *and* Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone th'*Arabian* bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do,
Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, [2] and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones

for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for or desire.

2 ——— *and the rich* CROP

Of sea and land—] He is here speaking of the *covering* of sea and land, *Shakespear* therefore wrote,

——*And the rich* COPE

Upon

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[3] Upon th' humbl'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul.

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other:) Nor i' th' judgment;
For Ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
[4] Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, (that tub
Both fill'd and running;) ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beſeech you, Sir, [*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
[5] He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.

Piſ. I was going, Sir,

3 *Upon th'* UNNUMBER'D *beach?*—] Senſe and the antitheſis oblige us to read this nonſenſe thus,

Upon the HUMBL'D *beach.*

i. e. becauſe daily inſulted with the flow of the tide.

4 *Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,*
Not ſo allur'd to feed.] *i. e.* that appetite, which is not allured to feed on ſuch excellence, can have no ſtomach at all; but, tho' empty, muſt nauſeate every thing.

5 *He's* ſtrange *and* peeviſh.] *i. e.* ignorant of foreign manners, and impatient of contradiction. This, I think, was a good reaſon for his maſter to order him to ſtay within doors. But the *Oxford Editor*, with great acumen, alters it to,

He's ſtrange and ſheepiſh.

To

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To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beſeech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never ſaw him ſad,
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries Oh!——
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo.

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Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers:
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd them,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo.

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Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine.*
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of this change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. Oh dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!——with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boyl'd stuff,
As well might poison Poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse;) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Priest, betwixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it:—
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*!——
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!*——
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!*

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit! bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt ſit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties into him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mong men, like a deſcended God:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,

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Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night.
I have outstood my time, which is material

To

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To th' tender of our present.
Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whoreson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*

Clot. Whorson dog! I give him satisfaction? 'would, he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool.—— [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,—a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

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2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.——

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to day at bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clot.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs!—a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.——Alas, Poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,

More

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More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce (*a*) Hell-made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen *is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*
Lady. Please you, Madam———
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed—
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me——sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech ye. [*Sleeps.*
[Iachimo *rises from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

[(*a*) *of the divorce Hell-made.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *of the divorce he'ld make.*]

The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss—rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white [1] with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct—But my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such
Th' adornment of her bed——the arras, figures——
Why, such, and such—and the contents o'th' story—
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t'enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lye dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying!——Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.——
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience do's within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,

1 ——*white* AND *azure, lac'd*
WITH *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*] We should read,
——*white with azure lac'd,*
THE *blue of heav'n's own tinct*,
i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins.

The

The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up——I have enough.——
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night! [2] that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOUR lordship is the most patient man in loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; you are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

2 ——— *that dawning*
May bear *the raven's eye:*——] Some copies read *bare* or make bare; others, *ope*. But the true reading is *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very sublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey*. Hence it is so commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning*. And *Romeo* and *Juliet*,

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.

Had *Shakespear* meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake, he had instanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riser. Besides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the *raven*'s eye was of no advantage to the speaker, but it was of much advantage that it should *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the *Oxford Editor* judiciously alters it to,

May bare its raven-eye.

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1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would, this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o'mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus *'gins arise,*
[3] *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lyes:
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing (a) that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason

3 *His steeds to water at those springs*
On chalic'd flowers that lyes:] *i. e.* the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

[(a) *that pretty bin.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *that pretty is.*]

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I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly sollicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, [4] his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice:——Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,

4 ——— *his goodness* fore-spent *on us,*] *i. e.* the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

Attend

Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Clot. [5] If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know, her women are about her——what,
If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold,
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.—— [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clot. A Gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of; what's your lordship's pleasure?
Clot. Your lady's person; is she ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you, sell me your good report.

5 *If she be up*, &c.] It is observable, that *Shakespear* makes his fools deal much in that kind of wit called the *double entendre* with only a single meaning; since his time transferred to the fine Gentleman of the drama.

Lady.

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Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The Princeſs——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, faireſt: ſiſter, your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still, I ſwear, I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me—faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: [6] one of your great knowing
Should learn (being tort) forbearance.

6 ——— *one of your* great knowing
Should learn (*being* TAUGHT) *forbearance.*] But ſure, whoever is *taught*, neceſſarily *learns*. *Learning* is not the fit and reaſonable conſequence of being *taught*, but is the thing itſelf. As it is ſuperfluous in the expreſſion, ſo (which is the common condition of nonſenſe) it is deficient in the ſentiment. It is no mark of a *knowing* perſon that he has *learnt forbearance* ſimply. For forbearance becomes a virtue, or point of civil prudence, only as it reſpects a forbidden object. *Shakeſpear*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

——— *one of your great knowing*
Should learn (*being* TORT) *forbearance.*

i. e. one of your wiſdom *ſhould learn* (from a ſenſe of your purſuing a forbidden object) *forbearance:* which gives us a good and pertinent meaning in a correct expreſſion. *Tort*, an old *French* word, ſignifying the *being in the wrong*, is much in uſe amongſt our old *Engliſh* writers, which thoſe who have not read them, may collect from its being found in the *Etymologicon* of the judicious *Skinner*.

Clot.

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Clot. [7] To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin;
I will not.
Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.
Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

7 *To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin;*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools* ARE *not mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do*] But does she really call him fool? The acutest critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text stands. The reasoning is perplex'd by a slight corruption; and we must restore it thus,

Fools CURE *not mad folks.*

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourself. Nay, says she, why should you stay? A fool never cur'd madness. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All this is easy and natural And that *cure* was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately subjoins.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures *us both.*

i. e. if you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations, I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness: so a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my suppos'd frenzy.

(Yet

(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) [8] in self-finger'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'th' crown; and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
A pantler; not so eminent.——
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Clot. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever had but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, *Pisanio?*

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——
Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee presently.
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool.
Frighted, and angred worse—go, bid my woman

8 —— *in* SELF-FIGUR'D *knot*;] This is nonsense. We should read,

SELF-FINGER'D *knot*.

i. e. a knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more public considerations.

Search

Search for [9] a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. [1] 'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
[2] I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so; go, and search.
Clot. You have abus'd me———
His meanest garment?——
Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd,——
His meanest garment?—well. [*Exit.*

9 ——— *a jewel, that* too casually
Hath left my arm—] *i. e.* too many chances of losing it have arisen from my carelessness.

1 ——— *'Shrew me,*
If, &c.] *i. e.* may I fall under an evil tongue, if, &c.

2 *I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord*
That I kiss aught but him.] This is fine. It was gone on that errand. And we are to consider this passage as alluding to those ominous speeches concerning which the ancients were so superstitious. See another instance of this kind in the foregoing play, Act I. Scene II.

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Posthumus, *and* Philario.

Post. FEAR it not, Sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish,
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
[3] To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

3 *To their* approvers.———] *i. e.* to those who try them.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo.*——

Post. Sure, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Post. Welcome, Sir.

Phi. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Post. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſie.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope, you know, that we
Muſt not continue friends.

Iach.

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Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber——
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had That was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
" Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
" [4] And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride,——A piece of work
So

4 *And* Cydnus *swell'd above the banks*, or for
The press of boats, or pride,——] This is an agreeable ridicule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human passions to inanimate things: and particularly, upon what he himself writes in the foregoing play on this very subject,

——————————*And made*
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly mocking

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was———
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More Particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chast *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
[5] Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,

mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to persuade him of his wife's falshood. The very same kind of satire we have again, on much the same occasion, in *The two Gentlemen of* Verona, where the false *Proteus* says to his friend, of his friend's mistress,

——— ——— *and she hath offer'd to the doom,*
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.

A certain gaiety of heart, which the speaker strives to conceal breaking out under a satire, by which he would insinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears.

5 WAS *as another nature*, DUMB;——] This nonsense should without question be read and pointed thus,

HAS *as another nature* DONE; *out-went her,*
Motion and breath left out.

i. e. has worked as exquisitely, nay has exceeded her if you will put motion and breath out of the question.

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(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!——
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: Is it That,
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, That:
She strip'd it from her arm, I see her yet;
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!——
Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.

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Post. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't;—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; [6] I'm sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger! –no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of.———
Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,

6 ——————— *I'm sure*
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger!——no,——] The absurd conclusions of jealousy are here admirably painted and exposed. *Posthumus*, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges against all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that she was false to his bed; and grounds that judgment, at last, upon much less appearances of the honour of her attendants. Now common sense, from his belief of the honour of his wife's attendants, should either have made him conclude in favour of hers; or if he rejected the much stronger appearances of honour in her, he should, at the same time, have rejected those much weaker in her attendants. But *Shakespear* knew at what distance *reason* and *love* are wont to be, and has, therefore, made them keep their distance here.

I

I kiſt it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Poſt. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the Turns: once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be ſworn———
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' Court, before
Her father———I'll do ſomething——— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. 'Is there no way for men to be, but women
'Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all;
'And that moſt venerable man, which I
'Did call my father, was I know not where,
'When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
'Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
'The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
'The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
'Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
'And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with

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' A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
' Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——that I
' thought her
' As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils!
' This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour——was't not?——
' Or less; at first? perchance, he spoke not, but
' Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a churning on,
' Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition
' From what he look'd for should oppose, and she
' Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
' The woman's part in me——for there's no motion
' That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
' It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
' The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
' Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
' hers;
' Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
' Nice longings, slanders, mutability:
' All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
' Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.——For
' even to vice
' They are not constant, but are changing still;
' One vice, but of a minute old, for one
' Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
' Detest them, curse them——yet 'tis greater skill,
' In a true hate to pray, they have their Will;
' The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius *and attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar,* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine,*
And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan,* thine uncle,
(Famous in *Cæsar*'s praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars,*
Ere such another *Julius: Britaine* is
A world by't self; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,
The Kings your ancestors: together with
The nat'ral Brav'ry of your Isle; which stands,
As *Neptune*'s Park, ribbed and paled in
(a) With rocks unskaleable, and roaring waters;
With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,

[(a) *With rocks unskaleable,*——Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *with oaks unskaleable.*]

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But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*. With ſhame,
(The firſt, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
([1]Poor ignorant baubles) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh, giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Mad *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; other of them may have crook'd noſes, but, to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.——Why, Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort
This tribute from us, We were free. *Cæſar's* ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o' th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Our ſelves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe

1 Poor *ignorant* baubles] *Ignorant*, for of no uſe.

Shall,

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Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the first of *Britaine*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
(*Cæsar*, that hath more Kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.—War and Confusion
In *Cæsar*'s name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behooves me [2] keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt water girdle, if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.———

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*

2 *keep at* utterance.] *i. e.* at extreme distance.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Enter Pisanio, *reading a Letter.*

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not?
What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what false *Italian*,
(As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready Hearing!——Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. "Oh, my master!
"Thy mind to her's is now as low, as were
"Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy Command!——I, her!——her blood!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable.——How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't——the letter,*
[*Reading.*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.——Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, *Pisanio?*
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus:*
[3] Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer,

3 *Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer* &c.] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the *future*; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition.

That

That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open.—You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet not,
That we two are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick love;——of his content,
All but in that,—Good wax, thy leave,—Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You clasp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods!

[*Reading.*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his Dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; but you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will, out of this, adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;* Leonatus Poſthumus.

" Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
" He is at *Milford-Haven:* read and tell me
" How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
" May plod it in a week, why may not I
" Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
" Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,
" (Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me; yet long'ſt—
" But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
" For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of Hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the Senſe——" How far it is
" To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* and, by th' way,
" Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
" T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
" How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
" That

" That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
" Till our return, t'excuſe — but firſt, how get hence?
" Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
" We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
" How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
" 'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. " Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
" Could never go ſo ſlow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
[4] That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, preſent,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A *Franklin*'s houſewife.

Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.

Imo. [5] I ſee before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues, that have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

4 *That* run i'th' clock's behalf.—] This fantaſtical expreſſion means no more than ſand in an hour-glaſs, uſed to meaſure time.

5 *I ſee before me, man: nor here nor there,*
Nor what enſues, BUT *have a fog in them,*
That I cannot look thro'.——] *Shakeſpear* ſays ſhe can ſee before her, yet on which ſide ſoever ſhe looks, there is a fog which ſhe cannot ſee thro'. This nonſenſe is occaſioned by the corrupt reading of, BUT *have a fog*, for, THAT *have a fog*; and then all is plain. I ſee before me, (ſays ſhe) for there is no fog on any ſide of me which I cannot ſee thro'. Mr. *Theobald* objects to *a fog in them*, and asks for *the ſubſtantive to which the relative plural* [THEM] *relates*. The ſubſtantive is *places*, implied in the words *here*, *there*, and *what enſues*: for not to know that *Shakeſpear* perpetually takes theſe liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his ſtrange ſtuff of *a Fog in Ken*.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to a Foreſt with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. [6] ‘ A Goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
‘ Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
‘ Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
‘ To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
‘ Are arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
‘ And keep their impious Turbands on, without
‘ Good morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
‘ We houſe i'th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
‘ As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. ‘ Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
‘ Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
‘ When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
‘ That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
‘ And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
‘ Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
‘ That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
‘ But being ſo allow'd. [7] To apprehend thus,
‘ Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
‘ And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find

6 *A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch*
Whoſe roof's as low as ours:——] The paſſage above was a *liberty of grammar*; but this is a *liberty with grammar*. The meaning is, it is not for ſuch as us who live in a cottage, to keep within doors on ſo fine a day.

7 —— *To apprehend thus,*
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:] The obſerving Nature in this view, gave birth to a very fine book of one of the *wiſeſt* men of this age; which was unjuſtly ridiculed by one of the *wittieſt*.

‘ The

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'The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
'Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
'Is nobler than attending for a check;
'Richer, [8] than doing nothing for a bauble;
'Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
'Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
'Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. 'Out of your proof you speak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
'Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know,
'What air's from home. Hap'ly, this life is best,
'If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
'That have a sharper known: well corresponding
'With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
'A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
'A prison, for a debtor that not dares
'To stride a limit.

Arv. 'What should we speak of,
'When we are old as you? when we shall hear
'The rain and wind beat dark *December?* how,
'In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
'The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
'We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
'Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
'Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
'We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
'And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. 'How you speak!
'Did you but know the city's usuries,
'And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
'As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb,
'Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
'The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
'A pain, that only seems to seek out danger

8 ——— *than doing nothing for a* bauble;] *i. e.* vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at Court. But the *Oxford Editor* reads, *for a bribe.*

'I'th'

' I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' search,
' And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
' As record of fair act; nay, many time,
' Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
' Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure:—" Oh, boys, this ſtory
" The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
" With *Roman* ſwords; and my Report was once
" Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
" And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
" Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
" Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
" A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
" Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
" And left me bare to weather.
Guid. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeaſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arvir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are Sons to th' King;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.

They

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They think, they're mine, [9] tho' trained up thus meanly.
I'th' Cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
[1] Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*——
" When on my three-foot-ſtool I ſit, and tell
" The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
" Into my ſtory: ſay, thus mine enemy fell,
" And thus I ſet my foot on's neck—even then
" The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
" Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
" That acts my words——The younger brother *Cadwall*,
(Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd—
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;

9 ——— *tho' trained up thus meanly,*
I'th' Cave, THERE ON THE BROW,—] The old editions read, *I'th' Cave* WHEREON THE BOW; which tho' very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, which when rightly pointed, is thus,

——— *tho' trained up thus meanly.*
I'th' Cave WHEREIN THEY BOW———

i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very Cave, which is ſo low that they muſt bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts ſo exalted, *&c.* This is the antitheſis. *Belarius* had ſpoken before of the lowneſs of this cave.

A goodly day! not to keep houſe with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low *as ours: ſee, boys! this gate*
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office.

1 *Beyond the* trick *of others.*——] *Trick,* for cuſtom, habit.

Thinking

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Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy Grave;
My ſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Piſanio, *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now——*Piſanio*,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thy ſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wilderneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtayder ſenſes——what's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I*

speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, *must act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. ‘ What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
‘ Hath cut her throat already. — No, ’tis slander;
‘ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
‘ Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whose breath
‘ Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
‘ All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
‘ Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the Grave
‘ This viperous slander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. ‘ False to his bed! what is it to be false?
‘ To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
‘ To weep ’twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
‘ To break it with a fearful dream of him,
‘ And cry my self awake? that false to’s bed!
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*, —
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look’dst like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour’s good enough. [2] Some Jay of *Italy*
([3] Whose meether was her painting) hath betray’d him:
Poor

2 ——— *Some* Jay *of* Italy] There is a prettiness in this expressi[illegible] *Putta*, in *Italian*, signifying both a *Jay* and a *Whore*. I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird.

3 *Whose* MOTHER *was her painting*——] This puzzles Mr. *Theobald* much: he thinks it may signify *whose mother was a bird* [illegible] *the same feather*; or that it should be read, *whose mother was* [illegible] *planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. *Rowe*'s [illegible]ion the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it [illegible] out *Wother*. And what was very ridiculous, *Gildon* employed

Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Men's vows are womens' traitors.—All good Seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Piſ. Madam, hear me——

Imo. ' True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
' Were in his time thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s Weeping
' Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
' From moſt true wretchedneſs. [4] So thou, *Poſthumus*,
' Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
' Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
' From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword my ſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;

ployed himſelf (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In ſhort, the true word is MEETHER, a north country word, ſignifying *beauty*. So that the ſenſe of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that ſhe had only an appearance of beauty, for which ſhe was beholden to her paint.

4 ——— *So thou*, Poſthumus,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;] When *Poſthumus* thought his wife falſe, he unjuſtly ſcandalized the whole ſex. His wife here, under the ſame impreſſions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumſtances, acquits his ſex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a diſhonour to the ſuperiority of his underſtanding to be jilted, and therefore [illegible]ters his vanity into a conceit that the diſgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the ſex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never ſeeks out for ſo extravagant a conſolation; but at once eaſes her *malice* and her *grief*, by laying the crime and damage at the door of ſome obnoxious coquet.

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Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
[5] That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart——
(Something's afore't)—— soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breast.*
Obedient as the scabbard!——What is here?
The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to Heresie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her bosom.*
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: tho' those, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That set my disobedience 'gainst the King,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

[5] *That cravens my weak hand:*] *i. e.* makes me a coward. Mr. Pope.

Since

Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Piſ. I'll break mine eye-balls firſt.
Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe Return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?
Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak,
I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom That. But, ſpeak.
Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan——
Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

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Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court———
Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, Nothing, *Cloten:*
That *Cloten*, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britaine* muſt you 'bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the Sun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine?* I'th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine.*
Piſ. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. [6] Now, if you could wear a Mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That, which, t'appear it ſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, [7] and full of view; yea, haply, near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible,

6 ——— *Now, if you could wear a* MIND
Dark as your fortune is,—] What had the *darkneſs* of her *mind* to do with the concealment of perſon, which is the only thing here adviſed? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchanged, in order to ſupport her change of fortune. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Now, if you could wear a MIEN.

Or according to the *French* orthography, from whence I preſume aroſe the corruption;

Now, if you could wear a MINE.

7 ——— *and full of view;*—] *i. e.* likely to prove ſucceſsful.

Report

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Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't
I would adventure.
Piſ. Well then, here's the point:
' You muſt forget to be a woman; change
' Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs
' (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
' Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage;
' Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
' As quarrellous as the weazel: [8] nay, you muſt
' Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
' Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder Hap!
' Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
' Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
' Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
' You made great *Juno* angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. 'Would you in their ſerving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*

8 ——— *nay, you muſt*
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it, (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no remedy) ——] Who does this *harder Heart* relate to? *Poſthumus* is not here talk'd of; beſides, he knew nothing of her being thus expos'd to the inclemencies of weather: he had enjoin'd a courſe, which would have ſecur'd her from theſe incidental hardſhips. I think, common ſenſe obliges us to read,

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your fortune, that you muſt be oblig'd to ſuch ſhifts.

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Present your self, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy; (which will make him (a) so,
If that his head have ear in musick;) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling That, most holy. [9] Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. [1] This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewel;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper——To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*

9 ——*Your means abroad*
You have me, rich;——] *i. e.* you may depend upon my supplying you to the utmost of my power.

1 ——*This attempt*
I'm soldier to,——] *i. e.* I have inlisted and bound my self to it.

[(a) *so.* Mr. *Theobald*——Vulg. *know.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and so farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So, farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croft the *Severn.* Happiness!
[*Exit* Lucius, *&c.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.
Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.
Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,

Will

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Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine*.

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your Majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?

Serv. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.

Queen. My lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, That, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the King.

Clot.

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Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*

Queen. Go, look after——
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus!*——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing That; for he believes,
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled,
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!
[*Exit Queen.*

Clot. I love, and hate her;—for she's fair and royal,
[2] And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady Ladies; winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded

2 *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*
Than lady Ladies WOMAN; *from each one*
The best she hath,——] The second line is intolerable nonsense. It should be read and pointed thus,

Than lady Ladies; WINNING *from each one* ——

The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that enoble [*lady*] women of quality [*ladies,*] *winning* from each of them the best of their good qualities, *&c.* *Lady* is a plural verb, and *Ladies* a noun governed of it; a quaint expression in *Shakespear*'s way, and suiting the folly of the character.

Out-

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Out-sells them all: I love her therefore;——but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

SCENE VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.
[*Drawing his Sword.*

Pis. Oh, my good lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus?*
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome.*

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy lord.*
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis.

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Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Ev'n to *Augustus*' throne.
Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Clot. Humh.
Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. Oh,
Imogen, } *Aside.*
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Clot. Sir, as I think.
Clot. It is *Posthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Posthumus*, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?
Pis. Sir, I will.
Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.
Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clot.

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Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven?*— (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon;) even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes—— (there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body;—— and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, *with a suit of cloaths.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven?*

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. [2] Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

2 *Thou bidd'st me to my loss*:——] A phrase taken from traffic, by which the seller would signify, that the buyer offers less than the thing upon sale cost.

You

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You heav'nly Bleſſings on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Foreſt and Cave.

Enter Imogen, *in boy's cloaths.*

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. " I ſhould be ſick,
" But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
" When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
" Thou waſt within a ken.—O *Jove*, I think,
" Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
" Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars " told me,
" I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie,
" That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
" A puniſhment, or tryal? yes; no wonder,
" When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in " fullneſs
" Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſhood
" Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear lord!
" Thou'rt one o' th' falſe ones; now I think on " thee,
" My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't——'tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
" Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs " ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?

If

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[3] If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take 'or't end—ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns!

[*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in—— [*Looking in.*
"But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
"It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

3 *If any thing that's* civil,——] *civil*, for human creature.
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take OR LEND.——] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beaſt. If it be the former, ſhe bids him *ſpeak*; if the latter, that is, the den of a ſavage beaſt, what then? *Take or lend*——We ſhould read,

Take 'OR'T END.——

i. e. take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly uſed for *ere*; this agrees to all that went before. But the *Oxford Editor* cuts the knot;

Take, or yield food

ſays he. As if it was poſſible ſo plain a ſentence ſhould ever have been blundered into *Take or lend.*

Bel.

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Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy. ———

Enter Imogen.

Imo. " Good masters harm me not;
" Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
" T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
" good troth,
" I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found
" Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's mony for my
" meat;
" I would have left it on the board, so soon
" As I had made my meal; and parted thence
" With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Mony, youth?
Arv. " All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
" As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
" Who worship dirty Gods.
Imo. " I see, you're angry:
" Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
" Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fain in this offence.
Bel. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your groom in honesty;

I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers;—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! (*a*) then had my price } *Aside.*
Been less, and so more equal ballancing
To thee, *Posthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Guid. 'Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them; laying by
That nothing-gift of [4] defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain—Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.
Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.
Guid. I pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less welcome!
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

4 ——*defering*] Spelt right by Mr. *Theobald.*

[(*a*)——*then had my price*——*more equal ballancing.* Oxford Editor——Vulg. *then had my prize*——*more equal ballasting.*]

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

Changes to ROME.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; [5] and to you, the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar!*

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

5 ——————— *And to you, the tribunes*
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.———] Commands *his commission* is such a phrase as *Shakespear* would hardly have us'd. I have ventur'd to substitute;
——————— *he* commends
His absolute commission. ———
i. e. he recommends the care of making this levy to you; and gives you an absolute commission for so doing.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest in Wales.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I AM near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) because, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman; I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this *(a)* ill perseverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces [1] before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very description of

1 *before* THY *face,*] *Posthumus* was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we should read,—HER *face.* i. e. *Imogen*'s, done to despite her, who had said, she esteem'd *Posthumus*'s garment above the person of *Cloten.*

[*(a) ill perseverant.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *imperseverant.*]

their

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their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?——
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you truſt me here,
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble ſtrain!

O worthinesſ of nature, breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!——
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewel.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health——ſo pleaſe you, Sir.

Imo. Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
Experience, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report,——
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh;
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick——*Piſania*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*

Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time; go in and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen, *to the Cave.*

Bel. And ſhall be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.

Arv. How angel-like he ſings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
And ſauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.

Arv.

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Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh, as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
[2] Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, Patience!
And let the ſtinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perifhing root, with the encreaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.——I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o' th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh——
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as Out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near: pray you, away:
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineer.——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.

2 *Mingle their ſpurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. Mr. *Pope*.

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Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.
Guid. *Cloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' Queen.
Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afraid?
Guid. 'Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death!——
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,

And

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And on the gates of *Lud*'s town set your heads;
Yield, rustick mountaineer. [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
(*a*) Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *Head.*

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no mony in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in;
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud*'s town.

[(*a*) *Is oft the cure of fear.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *Is oft the cause of fear.*]

Bel.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. [3] Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If I do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,

3 ——— *Though his honour*
Was nothing but mutation, ——] Mr. *Theobald*, as usual, not understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means that the only notion he had of honour, was the fashion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire, well expressed: yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*.

Which

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Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, *Cloten.*
[4] That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
[5] I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
' In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
' As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,

4 *That's all I* reck.] *i. e.* care. Mr. *Pope.*

5 *I'd let a* PARISH *of such* Clotens *blood,*] This nonsense should be corrected thus,

I'd let a MARISH *of such* Clotens *blood.*

i. e. a marsh or lake. So *Smith*, in his account of *Virginia*, *Yea* Venice, *at this time the admiration of the earth, was at first but a* marish, *inhabited by poor fishermen.* In the first book of *Maccabees*, chap. ix. ver. 42. the Translators use the word in the same sense.

' Not

' Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
' (Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'ſt wind,
' That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
' And make him ſtoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful,
' [6] That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
' To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
' Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
' That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
' As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſie to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour!* it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt Mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter!——

6 *That an* inviſible *inſtinct*——] But where is the wonder that an *inviſible inſtinct* ſhould do this, any more than an *inviſible reaſon?* It appears then that the poet uſes *inviſible* for blind. And by *blind inſtinct* he means a kind of plaſtic nature, acting as an inſtrument under the Creator, without intention, and then there is cauſe of wonder, that *blind inſtinct* ſhould do as much as *ſharp-ſighted reaſon*. One not well acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner, in the licentiouſneſs of his language and the profoundneſs of his ſenſe, would be apt to think he wrote *invincible, i. e.* that bore down all before it. But the poet here transfers the term belonging to the *object* upon the *ſubject*: unleſs we will rather ſuppoſe it was his intention to give *inviſible* (which has a *paſſive*) an *active* ſignification; and then it will mean the ſame as *not ſeeing*.

Triumphs

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Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

SCENE V.

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. 'The bird is dead,
'That we have made so much on! I'had rather
'Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
'And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
'Than have seen this.
Guid. 'Oh sweetest, fairest lilly!
'My brother wears thee not one half so well,
'As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. '[7] O melancholy!
'Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
'The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
'Might eas'liest harbour in?——thou blessed thing!
'*Jove* knows, what man thou might'st have made; but ah!
'Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
'How found you him?

7 ——*oh, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might eas'liest harbour in?——] But as plausible as this at first sight may seem, all those, who know any thing of good writing, will agree, that our author must have wrote,
——*to shew what coast thy sluggish* carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in?
Carrack is a slow, heavy built vessel of burden. This restores the uniformity of the metaphor, compleats the sense, and is a word of great propriety and beauty to design a melancholic person.

Arv.

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Arv. ‘ Stark, as you ſee:
‘ Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber!
‘ Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
‘ Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. ‘ Where?
Arv. ‘ O'th' floor:
‘ His arms thus leagu'd; I thought, he ſlept; and put
‘ My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
‘ Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. ‘ Why, he but ſleeps;
“ If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
“ With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
“ And worms will not come near thee.
Arv. “ With faireſt flow'rs,
“ 'Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
“ I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
“ The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*; nor
“ The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins, no, nor
“ The leaf of *Eglantine*; which not to ſlander,
“ Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. [8] The Raddock would,
“ With charitable bill, (oh bill, ſore-ſhaming
“ Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
“ Without a Monument!) bring thee all this;
“ Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
“ To winter-gown thy coarſe. ———
Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;

8 ——— *The Raddock would,*
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides. When flow'rs are none,
To winter-ground *thy courſe* —] Here again, the metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What Senſe is there in *winter-grounding* a coarſe with *moſs*? A coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown *thy coarſe.*

i. e. the ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*.

And

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And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.
Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.
Arv. Be't so:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground;
As, once, our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.
Guid. *Cadwall*,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
" For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
" Than Priests and Fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
(*a*) He has paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet Reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a Prince.
Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst: Brother, begin.
Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th' East;
My father hath a reason for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.

[(*a*) *He has paid for that.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *Was paid for that.*]

Guid.

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Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. ‘ [9] *Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun,*
‘ *Nor the furious winter's rages;*
‘ *Thou thy worldly task hast done,*
‘ *Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.*
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.
Arv. ‘ *Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,*
‘ *Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;*
‘ *Care no more to cloath and eat;*
‘ *To thee the reed is as the oak:*
The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Guid. ‘ *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.*
Guid. ‘ *Fear no slander, censure rash.*
Arv. ‘ *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave!

Enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. “ Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;

9 *Fear no more*, &c.] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewel we have over the dead body in *Lucian*. Τεκνον αθλιον ουκετι δειλησεις, ουκετι πεινησεις, &c.

“ The

" The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night,
" Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for Graves.—Upon their faces—
" You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo
" Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
" Come on, away, apart upon our knees ——
" The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
" Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. ' Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?——
' I thank you—by yond buſh?——pray, how far thither?——
' 'Ods pittikins—can it be ſix mile yet?——
' I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lye down and ſleep.
' But, ſoft! no bedfellow—Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes! [*Seeing the body.*
' Theſe flow'rs are like the pleaſures of the world;
' This bloody man the care on't—I hope, I dream;
' For, ſure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
' And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
' 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
' Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
' Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
' I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
' Yet left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of pity
' As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
' The dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
' Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!—the garments of *Poſthumus?*
I know the ſhape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *jovial* face——
Murther in heaven?——how!——'tis gone!——
Piſanio!——
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,

'Twas thou, conſpiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Haſt here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous!—Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd *Piſanio*!—
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's That? ah me, where's That?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio*?—
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
They are in readineſs.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardneſs

Makes

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Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. [9] Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision.
(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false!——Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!——
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? [1] who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In

9 *Last night, the* VERY *Gods shew'd me a vision.*] The *very Gods* may, indeed, signify the Gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments; yet I am persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that *Shakespear* wrote,

Last night the WAREY *Gods*——

Warey here signifying, *animadverting, forewarning, ready to give notice*; not, as in its more usual meaning, *cautious, reserved.*

1 ——*who was he,*
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?—] The Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, cavils at this passage. He says, *it is far from being strictly grammatical*; and yet, what is strange, he subjoins a paraphrase of

In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve them truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thy ſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.

of his own, which ſhews it to be *ſtrictly grammatical. For*, ſays he, *the conſtruction of theſe words is this. who hath alter'd that good picture otherwiſe than nature alter'd it* . I ſuppoſe then this Editor's meaning was, that the grammatical conſtruction would not conform to the ſenſe; (for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally ſays one thing and means another.) He ſubjoining, Shakeſpear *deſigned to ſay, If the text be genuine, who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at firſt made it.* Here again he is miſtaken; *Shakeſpear* meant, like a plain man, juſt as he *ſpoke*; and as our Editor firſt paraphraſed him, who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwiſe than nature *alter'd* it? And the ſolution of the difficulty in this ſentiment, which ſo much perplexed him, is this: The ſpeaker ſees a young man without a head, and conſequently much *ſhorten'd* in ſtature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath *alter'd* this good form by making it ſhorter; ſo contrary to the practice of nature which by yearly acceſſion of growth *alters* it by making it taller. No occaſion then for the Editor to change DID into BID with an alluſion to the command againſt murder; which then ſhould have been *forbid* inſtead of *bid*.

Wilt

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Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the Gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe door pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his Grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Piſanio.

Cym. AGAIN; and bring me word, how 'tis with her!
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*

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The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why, gone;
Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not

What

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What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.—— [*Exeunt.*

Pis. *(a)* I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. THE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us [2] to a Render

2 ——*to a Render*] a *render*, for a confession.

[*a*) *I've had no letter.*—Oxford Editor—Vulg. *I heard no letter*——]

Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, [3] have both their eyes
And ears so 'ploy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,

3 ——————*have both their eyes*
And ears so CLOY'D *importantly as now.*] There is no doubt, but our islanders would be thoroughly *cloy'd* of the sight and noise of a terrible and powerful invader. But this would not hinder their turning their attention on another object. Now the speaker is maintaining, that their attention to the *invasion* would keep them from inquiring after *him*. Besides what it is, to be *importantly cloy'd*, I have not the least conception of. *Shakspear* without doubt wrote,

——————*so* 'PLOY'D *importantly as now.*

i. e. *imployed* or taken up with things of such importance.

Cannot

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Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this Sun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his beſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So ſay I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long: their blood thinks ſcorn
'Till it flie out, and ſhew them Princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Posthumus, *with a bloody hankerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht,
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married Ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? oh, *Pisanio!*
Every good servant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.——Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch from hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more:——you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dread, to the doers' thrift.——
But *Imogen*'s your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, *Britaine*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
As do's a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is, ev'ry breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril

My

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Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my Habits ſhew;
Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* Britiſh *army at another;* Leonatus Poſthumus *following like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh* Iachimo, *and* Poſthumus; *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt, within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The Princeſs of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn:
If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britons. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch

As

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As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, *and a* British *Lord.*

Lord. CAm'st thou from where they made the Stand?
Post. I did.
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the King himself
' Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
' And but the backs of *Britaine* seen; all flying
' Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
' Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
' More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
' Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
' Meerly through fear, that the straight Pass was ' damn'd
' With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
' To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one, I warrant,) who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country Base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than

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Than those [1] for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,
Our *Britaine*'s Harts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet souls, that fly backwards! stand;
Or we are *Romans*, and will give you That
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.——These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing;) with this word, Stand, stand,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; [2] that some, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon,
[3] A rout, confusion-thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles: slaves,
The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some slain before, some dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i'th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;

1 —— *for preservation cas'd, or* shame,] *Shame*, for modesty.

2 ——— *that* some, *turn'd coward*] *Some*, for that part which.

3 *A rout, confusion thick.*—] This is read as if it was a *thick confusion*, and only another term for *rout:* whereas *confusion-thick* should be read thus with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakespear*'s fine diction is not a little obscured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives.

Those,

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Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal hugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, *was the* Romans' *bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. This is a lord—oh noble misery,
To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me!
To day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? "[4] I, in mine own woe charm'd,
" Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
" Nor feel him, where he struck. This ugly monster,—
" 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
" Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
" That draw his knives i'th' war—Well, I will find him:

4 ——— *I, in mine own woe* charm'd,] Alluding to the common superstition of *Charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* ancestors, and so is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this superstition, which made *Erasmus*, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, *Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent*: and *Prior*, in his *Alma*,

North Britons *hence have second sight:*
And Germans free from gun-shot fight.

For

For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,
No more a *Briton*, I've resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the verieſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Britiſh *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken!
'Tis thought, the old man, and his ſons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*———
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Posthumus, *and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* YOU shall not now be stoln, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd,
More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm sorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy.——Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; [5] to satisfie,

I

5 ———— *to satisfie,*
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No stricter Render of me, than my all.] What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have been this,

———— *to satisfie,*
I d'off *my freedom; 'tis the main part; take*
No stricter Render of me than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any instances; and is here employ'd with peculiar elegance, *i. e.* To give

I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
[6] No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.—— [*He ſleeps.*

[7] *Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition,* Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lyes ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy Adulteries
Rates and revenges.——

give all the ſatisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I voluntarily diveſt my ſelf of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with,

—————— *take*
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.

6 *No ſtricter* Rendet—] *Render*, for mulct.

7 *Solemn muſick:* &c.] Here follow a *viſion*, a *maſque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for meer ſhow, and apparently not of *Shakeſpear*.

Mr. *Pope*.

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Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.
Whose father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art;)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!——
Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast
From her his dearest one?
Sweet *Imogen!*——
Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousie,
And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,

That,

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That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice flie.

Jupiter *deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—how dare you, Ghoſts,
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium*, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are ſpent;

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Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
[Jupiter *drops a tablet.*
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away;—no farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine;
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder, his cœleſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, *Jupiter!*
Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Vaniſh.*
Poſt. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone—they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve;
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

Reads.

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[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

[8] 'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you

8 *'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff, as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing——
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.——] The obscurity of this passage arises from part of it being spoke *of* the prophesy, and part *to* it. This writing on the Tablet (says he) is still a dream, or else the raving of madness. *Do* thou, O Tablet, *either both, or nothing*; either let thy words and sense go together, or be thy bosom a *rasa tabula.* As the words now stand they are nonsense, or at least involve in them a sense which I cannot divelope.

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are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take upon your ſelf that, which, I am ſure, you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and Meſſenger.*

Goal.

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Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman:* and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of goalers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and lords.*

Cym. STAND by my side, you, whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my Throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor Soldier, that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms; whose naked breast
Stept before shields of proof,) cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. [9] I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Luck.

9 *I never saw*
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Looks.] But how can it be said, that one, whose *poor Looks* promise *beggary*, promised *poor Looks* too? it was not the poor look which was promised: that was visible. We must read,

But begg'ry and poor Luck.

This sets the matter right, and makes *Belarius* speak sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promis'd nothing but *poor Luck,* and yet perform'd all these wonders.

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Cym. No tydings of him?
Pis. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;)
[*To* Bel. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Farther to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.
Cym. Bow your knees;
Ariſe my Knights o'th' battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, *and Ladies.*

There's buſineſs in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britaine*.
Cor. Hail, great King!
To ſour your happineſs, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.
Cym Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? but I conſider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herſelf;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to her ſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor.

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Cor. First, she confess'd, she never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd, in despight
Of heaven and men, her purposes: repented,
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *prisoners*; Leonatus *behind*, *and* Imogen.

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute; That
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our self have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threatned
Our Prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can suffer.——
Augustus lives to think on't——And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,

Fitting

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Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?

Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to ask. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs: who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[Cymbel. *and* Imo. *walk aſide.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. [1] One ſand another

1 *One ſand another*
Not more reſembles THAT *ſweet roſie lad,*] A ſlight corruption has made nonſenſe of this paſſage. One grain might reſemble another, but none a human form. We ſhould read,
Not more reſembles, THAN HE TH' *ſweet roſie lad.*

Not

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Not more resembles, than He th' sweet rosie lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure,
He would have spoke t'us.
Guid. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent: let's see further.
Pis. 'Tis my mistress——— [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cymb. *and* Imog. *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud.——Sir, Step you forth,
[*To* Iachimo.
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatness and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood——On; speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken That,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach.

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Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,——give me leave, I faint.——
Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhould'ſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh, would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*—
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones)——ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; [2] for feature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures

2 *For* feature *laming*] *Feature*, for proportion of parts, which Mr. *Theobald* not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature*.

——————*for feature, laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtraight-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief *nature*;—] *i. e.* The ancient ſtatues of *Venus* and *Minerva*, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*, i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*:

O'er picturing that Venus *where we ſee*
The fancy out-work nature.

It appears, from a number of ſuch paſſages as theſe, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A paſſage in *De Piles' Cours de peinture par principes* will give great light to the beauty of the text.—*Peu de ſentimens ont été partagez ſur la beauté de l' antique.* Les gens d'eſprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont eſtimé dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. *Nous voyons dans les anciens Auteurs quantité de paſſages ou* pour loüer les beautez vivantes on les comparoit aux ſtatuës. *Ne vous imaginez* (*dit* Maxime de Tyr) *de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le diſ-*

pute

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye———

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This *Posthumus*,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity;—there it begins:
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,

pute aux statuës. Ovid, ou *il fait la description de* Cyllare, *le plus beau de* Centaures, *dit* Qu' il avoit une si grande vivacité dans le visage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l' estomac en etoient si beaux qu' on pouvoit assurer qu' en tout ce qu'il avoit de l' homme c'etoit la meme beauté que l'on remarque dans les statuës les plus parfaites. Et *Philostrate*, parlant de la beauté de *Neoptoleme*, & de la ressemblance qu' il avoit avec son pere *Achille*, dit, Qu'en beauté son pere avoit autant d' avantage sur lui que les statuës en ont sur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la *beauté de l'Antique*. Je reporterai seulement *celui de* Scaliger. Le Moyen, *dit il*, que nous puissions rien voir qui aproche de la perfection des belles statuës, puisqu' il est permis à l' art de choisir, de retrancher, d' adjoûter, de diriger, & qu' au contrarie, la nature s'est toujours alterée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l' innocence. This last quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakespear* meant by

Brief *Nature*:

i. e. inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of *art*, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection.

And

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And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!——
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt This which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of 's Car. Away to *Britaine*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
(Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks, I ſee him now——

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in Being,
To come——oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,

By

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By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and She herſelf.———
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dog o' th' ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſs than 'twas!——Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen!*

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear———

Poſt. Shall's have a Play of this?
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part,
[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*

Piſ. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs—Oh, my lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd lady———

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me.
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*

Have

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Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would seize
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.

Guid. This is, sure, *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
[3] Think, that you are upon a mock, and now
Throw me again. [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guid. Arvir.

3 *Think, that you are upon a* ROCK, *and now*
Throw me again.] What occasioned these words, was her husband's striking her before he knew her, and saying,

Shall's have a Play of this,
Thou scornful *Page, there* lye thy part.

So that 'tis plain the true reading is,

Think, that you are upon a MOCK.

i. e. a farce, a stage-play. Besides, the common reading is nonsense.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford*:
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.
Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I'm sorry for thee;

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By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for.——Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
[4] By hasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good, his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'st, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.
Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath

4 *By* TASTING *of our wrath?*——] But how did *Belarius undo* or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the King's wrath? We should read,

By HASTING *of our wrath?*——

i. e. by hastening, provoking; and as such a provocation is undutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretensions to reward.

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Assum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my issue?
Bel. So sure, as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: That I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes
(For such and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For That which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To

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[5] To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children——
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'ſt loſt by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am truéſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers;
When ye were ſo, indeed.

5 *To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.*] The thought is in character, and finely expreſſed: It alludes to the cuſtom of deifying heroic men, and converting them into ſtars.

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Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?—These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* Belarius.
Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season!
Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,

The

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The soldier, that did company these three,
In poor Beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
And then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest Princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power, that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*. As I slept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt

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branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus *end his miseries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier:* which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by *Belarius* stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promising,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th'

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Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked smoaks climb to their Nostrils
From our blest altars! publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *British* Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through *Lud*'s town march:
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts,
Set on, there: Never was a War did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

TROILUS

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TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

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PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the scene: from Isles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *sent their ships,*
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ransack Troy; *within whose strong Immures,*
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *sleeps; and That's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come*——
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The fresh, and yet unbruised, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *six Gates i'th' City,*
(Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides,) *with massy staples*
And correspondive and fulfilling bolts,
[1] *Sperre up the sons of* Troy.——
Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our Argument;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

1 Stirre *up the sons of* Troy—] Vulg. Corrected, as in the text, by Mr. *Theobald.*

Dramatis

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Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,	TROJANS.
Hector,	
Troilus,	
Paris,	
Deiphobus,	
Helenus,	
Æneas,	
Pandarus,	
Antenor,	

A bastard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,	GREEKS.
Achilles,	
Ajax,	
Menelaus,	
Ulysses,	
Nestor,	
Diomedes,	
Patroclus,	
Thersites,	
Calchas,	

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Cassandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Prophetess.*
Cressida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in love with* Troilus.

Alexander, Cressida's *Man.*
Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before it.*

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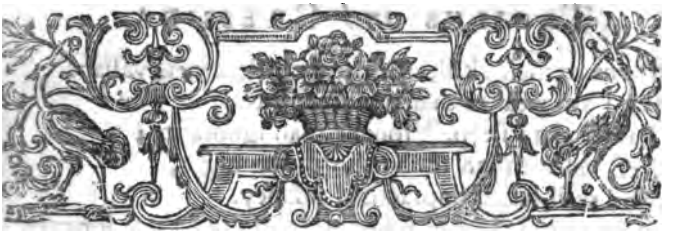

[1] *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in TROY.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. [2] The *Greeks* are strong, and skilful to their strength,

1 *Troilus and Cressida.*] Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without *Shakespear*'s knowledge, from a copy that had fall'n into the bookseller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm my opinion. Mr. *Pope*.

[2] Fierce

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' Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
' But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
' Tamer than sleep, [2] fonder than ignorance;
' Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
' And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what Goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do.
At *Priam*'s royal table do I sit;
And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!—when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me;
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

2 —— fonder *than ignorance*;] *Fonder*, for more childish.

Pan.

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Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s—well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her—but I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but,———

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, [3] and (ſpite of ſenſe)
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
(As, true thou tell'ſt me;) when I ſay, I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; and ſhe be not, [4] ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

3 ——— *and* SPIRIT *of ſenſe*
Hard as the palm of ploughman.—] Read, and (SPITE *of ſenſe*) in a parentheſis. The meaning is, tho' our ſenſes contradict it never ſo much, yet the *cignet's down* is not only harſh, when compared to the ſoftneſs of *Creſſid*'s hand, *but hard as the hand of ploughman. Spite*, I ſuppoſe, was firſt corrupted to *ſprite*, and from thence aroſe *ſpirit*.

4 *ſhe has the 'mends in her own hands.*] *i. e.* ſhe may paint and mend her complexion.

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Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father; let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!

Fools on both ſides.—*Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſt againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Our

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Our ſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn:
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the ſport abroad——are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. [6] *Hector*, whoſe patience

Is,

6 ——Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is, as A VIRTUE, *fix'd*,——] Patience ſure was a virtue, and

Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
7 Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*

and therefore cannot, in propriety of expreſſion, be ſaid to be *like* one. We ſhould read,

Is as THE VIRTUE *fix'd.*

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the Goddeſs Patience itſelf. So we find *Troilus* a little before ſaying,

Patience herſelf *what* Goddeſs *ere ſhe be,*
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.

It is remarkable that *Dryden* when he alter'd this play, and found this falſe reading, alter'd it with judgment to,

——————— *whoſe patience*
Is fix'd like that of Heav'n.

which he would not have done had he ſeen the right reading here given, where his thought is ſo much better and nobler expreſſed.

7 *Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt* light,] *Does the poet mean* (ſays Mr. *Theobald*) *that* Hector *had put on light armour?* mean! what elſe could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpoſe. So *Fairfax* in *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem*,

The other Princes put on harneſs LIGHT.
As footmen uſe ———

Yet, as if this had been the higheſt abſurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that* Hector *was ſprightly in his arms even before ſunriſe? or is a conundrum aim'd at, in Sun roſe and harneſt light?* Was any thing like it? but to get out of this perplexity, he tells us that *a very ſlight alteration makes all theſe conſtructions unneceſſary*, and ſo changes it to *harneſs-dight*. Yet indeed the very ſlighteſt alteration will at any time let the poet's ſenſe thro' the critic's fingers: And the *Oxford Editor* very contentedly takes up with what is left behind, and reads *harneſs-dight* too, in order, as Mr. *Theobald* well expreſſes it, *To make all conſtruction unneceſſary.*

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A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lyon, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath ſo crouded humours, [8] that his valour is cruſted into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

8 *that his valour is* CRUSHT *into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion*:] *Valour cruſht into folly* is nonſenſe; but it is of the firſt editor's making; who ſeeing *crouded* go before, concluded that *cruſht* (which is oft indeed the conſequence) muſt needs follow. He did not obſerve that the poet here employs a *Kitchen*-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading, *His valour is* CRUSTED *into folly, his folly* ſauced *with diſcretion*. Thus is *Ajax* diſhed up by the poet. The expreſſion is humourous. His temper is repreſented as ſo hot that his valour becomes over-baked, and ſo is *cruſted* or hardened *into folly* or temerity: yet the hardneſs of his folly is *ſauced* or ſoftened with diſcretion, and ſo made palatable.

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SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus.*

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus.*

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; what do you talk of? [9] Good morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium?*

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium?* *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus?*—*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter!* there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus.*

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector.*

9 *Good morrow,* Alexander;] This is added in all the editions very absurdly, *Paris* not being on the stage. Mr. *Pope.*

Pan.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus!* I 'would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'would, he were himself! well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!——no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neice; *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

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Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure, ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?—

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno*, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.———

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus?* why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan.

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Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, take no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium?* good neice, do; ſweet neice *Creſſida*.

Cre.

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Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *passes over the stage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus?* I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, [1] the mich shall have more.

Hector *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector!* look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

1 —— *the* RICH *shall have more.*] To *give one the nod*, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense alluding to the expression *give*, and should be read thus,

The MICH *shall have more.*

i. e. *much.* He that has much folly already shall then have more. This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

The rest shall have none.

Pan.

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Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—— look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris *passes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? 'would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*—I think, he went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *passes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, neice——hem—brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace,

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*! look well upon him, neice, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*,

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Troilus, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?*—*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money to boot..

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles?* a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.—

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſie, to defend mine honeſty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lye, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan.

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Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.
Pan. Where?
Boy. [2] At your own houſe, there he unarms him.
Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.
Cre. Adieu, uncle.
Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.
Cre. To bring, uncle——
Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.
Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though [3] my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of That ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

2 *At your own houſe, there he unarms him.*] Theſe neceſſary words added from the quarto edition. Mr. *Pope*.
3 *my heart's* content] *Content*, for capacity.

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Changes to Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our Suppose so far,
That after sev'n years' siege, yet *Troy*-walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our Works?
And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing

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Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Nest. With due observance of thy goodly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, [4] *Nestor* shall supply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,

4 ——Nestor *shall* APPLY
Thy latest words.——] What were these latest words? A common-place observation, illustrated by a particular image, *that opposition and adversity were useful to try and distinguish between the valiant man and the coward, the wise man and the fool.* The *application* of this was to the *Greeks*; who had remained long unsuccessful before *Troy*, but might make a good use of their misfortunes by learning patience and perseverance. Now *Nestor* promises that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He only repeats *Agamemnon*'s general observation, and illustrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that *Shakespear* wrote,

——Nestor *shall* SUPPLY
Thy latest words.——

And it must be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. *Nestor*, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common place, as it would furnish him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that *Agamemnon* had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to *supply* the topic with some diversified flourishes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the *repetition* of the same thought, a *supplial*. We may observe further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

With due observance of thy goodly Seat,

is very proper: it being a kind of insinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon*'s facundity, that *Nestor* was forced to *supply* his speech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in such a case we must have supposed, this was a preconcerted division of the argument between the two orators.

The

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The ſtrong-ribb'd Bark through liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; [5] the thing of courage
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
[6] Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſſ. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear, what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
[*To* Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both

5 ——*The thing of courage,*] It is ſaid of the tiger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly. *Oxford Editor.*

6 Returns *to* chiding *fortune.*] *i. e.* replies averſely to adverſe fortune.

Thou

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(Thou great, and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.
Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca:* we less expect,
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The speciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plain, so many hollow factions.
[7] When that the General not likes the hive,
To whom the Foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
[8] The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place.
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

7 *When that the General* IS NOT LIKE *the hive,*] The image is taken from the government of bees. But what are we to understand by this line? either it has no meaning, or a meaning contrary to the drift of the speaker. For either it signifies, that *the General and the hive are not of the same degree or species,* when as the speaker's complaint is, that the hive acts so perversely as to destroy all difference of degree between them and the General: or it must signify, *that the General has private ends and interests distinct from that of the hive*; which defeats the very end of the speaker; whose purpose is to justify the General, and expose the disobedience of the hive. We should certainly then read,

When that the General NOT LIKES *the hive:*

i. e. when the soldiers like not, and refuse to pay due obedience to their General: This being the very case he would describe, and shew the mischiefs of.

8 *The heavens themselves, the planets, and* this centre,] *i. e.* the centre of the earth; which, according to the *Ptolemaic* System then in vogue, is the centre of the Solar System.

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In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. [9] But when the Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is shaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high designs)
The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid Globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
' Force would be Right; or rather, [1] Right and
' Wrong
' (Between whose endless jar Justice presides)
' Would

9 ——————*But when the* Planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander, &c.] By *Planets* *Shakespear* here means *Comets*, which by some were supposed to be excentrical planets. The evil effects here recapitulated were those which superstition gave to the appearance of Comets.

1 ——————*Right and Wrong*
(*Between whose endless jar Justice* RESIDES)
Would lose their names;—] The Editor, Mr. *Theobald*, thinks

‘ Would lose their names, and so would Justice too.
‘ Then every thing includes itself in power,
‘ Power into will, will into appetite;
‘ And appetite (an universal wolf,
‘ So doubly seconded with will and power)
‘ Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon!*
This Chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,

thinks that *the second line is no bad comment upon what* Horace *has said on this subject;*

——— *sunt certi denique fines,*
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

But if it be a comment on the *Latin* poet, it is certainly the worst that ever was made. *Horace* says, with extreme good sense, that there are certain bounds *beyond which*, and *short of which*, justice or Right cannot exist. The meaning is, because if it be *short* of those bounds, *wrong prevails*; if it *goes beyond*, *Justice tyrannises*; according to the common proverb of *Summum jus summa injuria*. *Shakespear* says, that *Justice resides between the endless jar of right and wrong*. Here the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are *right and wrong*; in *Horace* the two extremes, between which Justice resides, are *both wrong*. A very pretty comment this truly, which puts the change upon us; and instead of explaining a good thought of *Horace*, gives us a nonsensical one of its own. For to say the truth, this is not only no comment on *Horace*, but no true reading of *Shakespear*. *Justice* is here represented as moderating between *Right and Wrong*, and acting the over-complaisant and ridiculous part of *Don Adriano de Armado* in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

A man of Compliments, whom Right and Wrong
Have chose as Umpire of their Mutiny.

This is the exact office of *Justice* in the present reading: But we are not to think that *Shakespear* in a serious speech would dress her up in the garb of his fantastic *Spaniard*. We must rather conclude that he wrote,

Between whose endless jar Justice PRESIDES;

i. e. always determines the controversy in favour of *Right*; and thus Justice is properly characterised without the author's ever dreaming of commenting *Horace*.

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That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.

Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyſſ. " The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
" The ſinew and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
" Having his ear full of his airy fame,
" Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
" Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
" Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
" Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
" And with ridiculous and aukward action
" (Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
" He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
" [2] Thy ſtopleſs Deputation he puts on;
" And, like a ſtrutting Player, (whoſe conceit
" Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
" To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
" 'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage)
" Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted Seeming
" He acts thy Greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
" 'Tis like a chime a mending: with terms unſquar'd:
" Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,

2 *Thy* TOPLESS *deputation*——] I don't know what can be meant by *topleſs*, but the contrary to what the ſpeaker would inſinuate. I ſuſpect the poet wrote STOPLESS, *i. e.* unlimited; which was the caſe.

" Would

" Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
" The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
" From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
" Cries—excellent!—'tis *Agamemnon* juſt——
" Now play me *Neſtor*—hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
" As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
" That's done—as near as the extremeſt ends
" Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
" Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
" 'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
" Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
" And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
" Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
" And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
" Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries O!—enough, *Patroclus*——
Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And, in this faſhion,
[3] All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,

3 *All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,*
Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,
Atchievements, plots &c.] The meaning is this, All our good qualities, *ſeverals and generals of grace:* i. e. whether they be *ſeveral* and belong to particular men, as prudence to *Ulyſſes*, experience to *Neſtor*, magnanimity to *Agamemnon*, valour to *Ajax*, &c. or whether they be *general* and belonging to the *Greek* nations in general, as valour, poliſhed manners, *&c.* all theſe good qualities, together with our *atchievements, plots, orders*, &c. are all turned into ridicule by the buffoonery of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*. This is the ſenſe: but what then is the meaning of *grace exact?* no other can be made of it, than that *Achilles* and *Patroclus exactly mimic* all our *qualities* and *actions*. But the ſpeaker thought very differently of their buffoonery: the imitation, he ſays, being as unlike the original as *Vulcan to his wife*. The fault lies here; *exact* ſhould be *exacts*; and belongs to the ſecond diviſion, namely the enumeration of the *actions*; and ſhould be read thus;

All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes
Severals and generals of grace; EXACTS,
Atchievements, plots, &c.

i. e. exactments, publick taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war.

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Severals and generals of grace; exacts,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a pace,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no Act
But that of hand: 'The ſtill and mental parts,
'That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
'When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
'Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
'Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
'They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, cloſet war:
'So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
'For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
'They place before his hand that made the engine;
'Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
'By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles*' arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, (*Jove*'s Accord,)
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas*?

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Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.
Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[*The trumpets sound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector* (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress [3] more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his best to do it)
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to morrow with his trumpet call

3 *more than in* confession,] *Confession*, for profession.

Midway

Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;—even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas.*
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.

Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
[5] And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Uhyſſ. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

5 *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avant-bras.* Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Manent Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. *Nestor*,———
Nest. What says *Ulysses*?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how now?
Ulyss. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.
Nest. [6] The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up.
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose,

6 *The purpose is perspicuous even as Substance,*
Whose grossness little characters sum up.] That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and tho' I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, tho' a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression.

That

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That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a sportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st Repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, issues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my Speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What Glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should

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Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The Sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of Senſe aſſumes,
Ajax, imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, Now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtreight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
[7] Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

7 *Muſt* tar *the maſtiffs on*,—] *Tarre*, an old *Engliſh* word ſignifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, *Act* 4. *Scene* 1.

——— ——— *like a Dog*
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tar *him on.*

Mr. *Pope.*

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Ajax. Therſites, ———

Ther. And thoſe boils did run——ſay ſo—did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog! ———

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. [1] Speak then, you windyeſt leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation———

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s Beauty: ay, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*——

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

1 *Speak then, thou* WHINID'ST *leaven,*] This is the reading of the old copies: It ſhould be WINDYEST, *i. e.* moſt windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Therſites*'s character.

Ther.

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Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whorson cur!—— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch! ——

Ther, Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Assinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, [2] thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

SCENE II.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?
How now, *Therfites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

2 *thou thing of no* BOWELS,] Tho' this be sense, yet I believe it is not the poet's, who makes *Therfites* reflect altogether on *Ajax* his want of *wit*, not want of *compassion*. I should imagine, therefore the true reading was,

Thou thing of no VOWELS.

i. e. without sense; as a word without vowels is jargon and contains no idea. This is much in the phraseology given to *Therfites*.

Ther.

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Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to strike him,* Achilles *interposes.*

Ther. I say, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, *Thersites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so——a great deal of your wit too lies in

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in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy [3] ere your Grandſires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to, *Ajax!* to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotplotes, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

3 *ere* THEIR *Grandſires*] We ſhould read, *ere* YOUR *grandſires.*

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Changes to Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFter so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fear the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,
Surety secure; but modest Doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waste most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother Priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
[4] And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star disorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and luftyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the God;
[5] And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
[6] Without some image of th' affected's merit.

4 *And fly like chidden* Mercury *from* Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd!—] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. Mr. *Pope*.

5 *And the Will dotes, that* is inclinable] Old Edition, not so well, has it, *attributive*. Mr. *Pope*.

6 *Without some image of th'* AFFECTED *merit*.] We should read,

——— *th'* AFFECTED'*s merit*,

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

Troi.

Troi. I take to day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my Will distaste what is elected)
The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks:*
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the Ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:)*
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, inestimable!) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
7 What we have stoln that we do fear to keep!

7 *What we have stoln that we do fear to keep!*
Base thieves,—Oxford Editor. Vulg.
That we have stoln what we do fear to keep!
But thieves.

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Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n.
Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Cassandra.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practise your eyes with tears.
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
Of Divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because *Cassandra*'s mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot

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Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,

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Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unsam'd,
When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both said well:
(a) But on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: "for pleasure and revenge
" Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
" Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As, it is known, she is) these moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

[*(a) But on the cause.*——Mr. *Theobald* Vulg. *And on the cause*———]

Troi.

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Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*.——
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Thersites *solus.*

HOW now, *Thersites?* what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou

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great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites?* Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me?

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come, why, my cheese, my digestion—why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon!*

Ther.

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Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell,———

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You raſcal———

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;——it ſuffices me, thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga.

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Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
[8] He shent our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place;
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?——let him shew us the cause. A word, my lord.
[*To* Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites?*

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsel, that a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

8 *He* SENT *our messengers.*——] This nonsense should be read,

He SHENT *our messengers,*——

i. e. rebuked, rated.

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie;
His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſre
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair fruit in an unwholſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note
Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-go in an obſerving kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
(*a*) His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

[(*a*) *His pettiſh lunes.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *pettiſh lines.*]

That

That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit*,

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.

[*Exit* Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulyss. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But

But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
[9] In will-peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.
Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?
Ulyſſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: [1] he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.
Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.
Ulyſſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,

9 *In* will-peculiar, *and in ſelf-admiſſion.*] *Will peculiar* ſhould be read like ſelf-admiſſion with a hyphen. The meaning is, He does nothing but what his own will dictates, and approves of nothing but what his own fancy recommends.

1 —— *He's poſſeſt with greatneſs,*] *i. e.* greatneſs has got poſſeſſion of him, as the devil of a witch.

(As

(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheese his pride; let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. He would have ten shares.

[2] *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple——

Nest. He is not yet through warm: force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

2 Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not yet through warm.*] The latter part of this speech should be given to *Nestor*. Here

Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whorson dog! that palters thus with us —
Would he were a *Trojan!*
Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——
Ulyss. If he were proud.
Dio. Or covetous of praise.
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne.
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.
Ulyss. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To sinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the Antiquary times;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyss. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; please it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*: to morrow, friends,

We

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We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:
And here's a lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep;
Light boats sail, swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Musick within.*]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris?*
Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?
Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.
Ser. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pandarus.*
Ser. I hope, I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Ser. You are in the state of Grace.
Pan. Grace? not so, friend: honour and lordship, are my titles:
What musick is this?
Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser.

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Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, (*a*) love's visible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sodden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life,

[(*a*) *love's visible soul.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *love's invisible soul.*]

you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but marry thus, my lord;—my dear lord, and most esteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to——
Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sower offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no——

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par.

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Par. I'll lay my life, [1] with my dispouser *Cressida.*

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your dispouser is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why should you say, *Cressida?* no, your poor dispouser's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris.*

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may———

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

1 — *with my* DISPOSER *Cressida.*] I think *disposer* should, in these places, be read DISPOUSER; she that would separate *Helen* from him.

These lovers cry, oh! oh! they dye:
Yet That, which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives still.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. Not I, honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to *Priam's* Hall,
To greet the warriors—Sweet *Helen,* I must woo you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of *Greekish* sinews: you shall do more
Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector.*

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris:* Yea,

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Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?
Ser. No, Sir, [2] he prays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?
Troi. Sirrah, walk off.
Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?
Troi. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid.*
Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.
Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe: what will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,

2——*he* STAYS *you*—] We ſhould read,——*he* PRAYS *you*—

For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majesty.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus *and* Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i' th' files: Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the Mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan.

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Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably——come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my lord! the Gods grant——O my lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd: that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we; praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in rever-

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ſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we will not name deſert before his birth, and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

S C E N E V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won; they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever—pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant;
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it—in faith, I lie———
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,

When

When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſht my ſelf a man:
Or that We women had men's privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.
[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; — O heavens, what have I done!—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid?*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

(As

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(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but once convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
[3] And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right warrs who shall be most right.
' True swains in love shall in the world to come
' Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
' Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
' Want similies: truth, tired with iteration,
' As true as steel, as [4] Plantage to the Moon,
' As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
' As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
' Yet after all comparisons of truth,

3 *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine: and means, *Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learn'd worldly policy.*

4 —— *Plantage to the Moon.*] I formerly made a silly conjecture, that the true reading was,

Planets to their Moons.

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galilea* had discovered the Satellites of *Jupiter*; this play being printed in 1609, and that discovery made in 1710. So that *Plantage to the Moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase.

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
Rite crescentem face noctilucam,
Prosperam frugum —— Hor. L. 4. Od. 6.

' (As

' ' As truth authentick, ever to be cited,
' As true as *Troilus*, ſhall crown up the verſe,
' And ſanctifie the numbers.
Cre. Prophet may you be!
' If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
' When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
' When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
' And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
' And mighty States characterleſs are grated
' To duſty Nothing; yet let Memory,
' From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
' Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
' As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
' As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
' Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
' Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
' As falſe as *Creſſid.*——
Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* (*a*) let all inconſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers between *Pandars:* ſay, Amen.
Troi. Amen!
Cre. Amen!
Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bedchamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of

5 *As* TRUTH'S AUTHENTIC AUTHOR *to be cited*] This line is abſolute nonſense. We ſhould read,

As TRUTH AUTHENTIC, EVER *to be cited.*

i. e. when all compariſons of truth are exhauſted, they ſhall be then all ſummed up in this great one, this *authentic truth ever* to be cited, *as true as* Troilus.

[(*a*) *let all inconſtant men.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *let all conſtant men.*]

your

your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense: [6] appear it to you,
That,

6 ——*appear it to you,*
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy.——] This reasoning perplexes Mr. *Theobald, He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the* Greeks; *and this he makes a merit of,* says the Editor. *I own* (continues he) *the motives of his oratory seem to me somewhat perverse and unartful. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make* Chalcas *act the part of a* TRUE PRIEST, *and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service.* The Editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I don't know what he means by *the motives of his oratory,* or, *from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit.* But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the *Greeks* that what he did for his own preservation was done for their service, he is mistaken. *Shakespear* thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave,* in order to make him talk like a *fool.* Tho' that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But *Shakespear* was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perversenes* is all the Editor's own, who interprets,

——*through the sight I have in things to come*
I have abandoned Troy——

To signify, *by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;* whereas the true sense is, *Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned*

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That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.

abandoned Troy *my native Country.* That he could not mean what the Editor ſuppoſes, appears from theſe conſiderations, Firſt, If he had repreſented himſelf as running from a falling city, he could never have ſaid,

I have——expos'd my ſelf
From certain *and poſſeſs'd conveniences,*
To doubtful *fortunes——*

Secondly, The abſolute knowledge of the fall of *Troy* was a ſecret hid from the inferior Gods themſelves; as appears from the poetical hiſtory of that war. It depended on many contingences whoſe exiſtence *they* did not foreſee. All that they knew was, that if ſuch and ſuch things happened *Troy* would fall. And this ſecret they communicated to *Caſſandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a ſeveral part of the ſecret; *one*, that *Troy* could not be taken unleſs *Achilles* went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *Palladium*; and ſo on. But the ſecret, that it was abſolutely to fall, was known to none.

The ſenſe here given will admit of no diſpute amongſt thoſe who know how acceptable a *Seer* was amongſt the *Greeks*. So that this *Calchas, like a true prieſt*, if it muſt needs be ſo, went where he could exerciſe his profeſſion with moſt advantage. For it being much leſs common amongſt the *Greeks* than the *Aſiatics*, there would be there a greater demand for it.

Oft

Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his Manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
(*a*) In most accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his Tent,
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last; 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees

[(*a*) *In most accepted pay.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *In most accepted pain.*]

Feed

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Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.
Aga. What says *Achilles?* would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the General?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not *Achilles?*
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,

Prizes

‘ Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
‘ Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)
‘ The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
‘ Doth one pluck down another, and together
‘ Die in the Fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.
I'll interrupt his reading.——Now, *Ulysses*?
Ulys. Now, *Thetis'* son!
Achil What are you reading?
Ulys. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, [7] how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath;
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*:
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[8] To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself
Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others' form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self; this is not strange.

7 ——*how dearly ever parted,*] *i. e.* how exquisitely soever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Stufft, as they say with honourable* parts, proportioned as *ones thoughts would wish a man.*

8 *To others' eyes,* &c.

That most pure spirit, &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. Mr. *Pope.*

Ulys.

Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*———
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? now ſhall we ſee to morrow
An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
'How ſome men ſleep in skittiſh Fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!

9 *How ſome men* CREEP *in skittiſh Fortune's hall,*] This is ſaid with deſign that *Achilles* ſhould apply it to himſelf and *Ajax*. But as *creep* is to be applied to *Achilles*, it conveys a wrong idea, as repreſenting one who is timorous and afraid to atchieve great acts: whereas it ſhould repreſent one entirely negligent in atchieving them. For this was then *Achilles*'s caſe. So that we ſhould read,

How ſome men SLEEP *in skittiſh Fortune's hall.*

For he was the firſt favourite of fortune; yet when he got into her preſence inſtead of puſhing his way, he became entirely negligent and unconcerned for her favours.

To see these *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
For they passed by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. ' Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
' Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
' (A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes)
' Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
' As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
' As done: Perseverance keeps Honour bright:
' To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
' Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
" For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
" Where one but goes abreast? keep then the path;
" For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
" That one by one pursue; if you give way,
" Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
" Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
" And leave you hindermost; and there you lye,
" [1] Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
" For pavement to the abject Rear, o'er-run
" And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
" Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
' For time is like a fashionable host,
' That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
' But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
' Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
' And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

[1] *Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,*
For pavement to the abject REAR,——] We should read, *abject* REAR, *i. e.* the mean abject horses which, by reason of their unfitness for service, are put into the *rear* of the line; or at least become the rear in a vigorous charge.

" Remuneration

" Remuneration for the thing it was;
" For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
" Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
" To envious and calumniating time.
" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
" That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
" Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
" And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
" (a) More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted:
" The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The Cry went once for thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
[2] Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful State,
Knows almost every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Deep;

2 *Made emulous* missions—] *Missions*, for divisions, *i.e.* going out, on one side and the other.

[(a) *More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.* Dr. Thirlby.——Vulg. *More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.*

[2] Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with which relation
Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame shall in his island sound her trump;
And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,
Great *Hector*'s sister did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my lord——I, as your lover, speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice, that you should break.
[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.— I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
' Sweet, rouse your self; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
' Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;
' And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
' Be shook to air.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!—

2. *Keeps* place *with thought*; —] *i. e.* there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expression is exquisitely fine. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *Keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

Patr.

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Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger;
And Danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus:*
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as

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fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, good morrow, *Ajax:* And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. " [1] A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both " sides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites.*

Ther. Who, I?——why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe Conduct for his Person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. *Jove* bless great *Ajax!*

Ther. Hum———

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum———

Patr. And to procure safe Conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. *Agamemnon!*——

1 *A plague of Opinion! a man may wear it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.*] This is said in compliment to *Achilles.* *Opinion* went all for him before, as now for *Ajax.* But the observation is fine, and admirably expressed.

Patr.

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Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus; what musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I my self see not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede; Grecians, *with Torches.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long,

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As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
[1] During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face backward.—In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy*—Now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed!—[2] by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We ſympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thouſand complete courſes of the Sun;
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;

1 *During all* queſtion *of the gentle Truce:*] *Queſtion*, for force, virtue.

2 ——*by* Venus' *hand I ſwear,*] This oath was uſed to inſinuate his reſentment for *Diomedes* wounding his mother in the hand.

The

The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfreed *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid.*
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy.*
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus?*
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of [3] a flat tamed piece;

3 ——— *a flat* tamed *piece*;] *i. e.* a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown.

You,

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You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her Country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;
[4] We'll not commend what we intend not sell.
Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Pandarus's *House.*

Enter Troilus *and* Cressida.

Troi. DEAR, trouble not your self; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He shall unbolt the gates.

4 *We'll not commend what we intend* TO *sell.*] But this is not talking like a chapman: for if it be the custom for the buyer to dispraise, it is the custom too for the seller to commend. Therefore, if *Paris* had an intention to sell *Helen*, he should, by this rule, have commended her. But the truth was he had no such intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which shews *Shakespear* wrote,

We'll not commend what we intend NOT *sell.*

i. e. what we intend not to sell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphrase by making it the text.

Troi.

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Troi. Trouble him not——
To bed, to bed——sleep seal those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cre. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Cressida!* but that the busie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. "Beshrew the witch! [5] with venomous wights
" she stays,
" Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
" With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O foolish *Cressida*—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's
one up.
Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?
Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life——
Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my cousin *Cressida?*
Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking
uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say, what:
What have I brought you to do?

5 ——*with venomous wights she stays,*
Tedious as hell;——] *i. e.* with witches, who perform their venomous charms by night.

Cre.

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' th' head!—who's that at door?—good uncle, go and ſee!—my lord, come you again into my chamber;——you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha———

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing. How earneſtly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door; how now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho!——nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

[*As* Pandarus *is going out.*

Enter

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Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida.*
Troi. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my lord; (*a*) the ſecreteſt of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.
Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!
Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

[(*a*) ——*the ſecreteſt of natures.* Oxford Editor——Vulg. *the ſecrets of nature.*]

Pan.

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadst ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*——

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus:* 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of Consanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus.* O you Gods divine!
Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of falshood,
If ever she leave *Troilus.* Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the strong Base and Building of my Love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.——I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks.
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus.* I'll not go from *Troy.* [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Before Pandarus's *House.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus,*

Tell

Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than That
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes,——a, ſweet duck!——
Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!*
Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly ſaying is;)
O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where

where he anſwers again;

Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. "Let us caſt away "nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a "verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

Æneas. [*within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan.

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Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!* When ſhall we ſee again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart——

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi Hear, why I ſpeak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

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Troi. Die I a villain then! —
In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive Devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think, I will?
Troi. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æneas. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord, ——
Troi. Come, kiss, and let us part.
Paris. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus*, ——
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My lord, will You be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,

If

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If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword;
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads you fair uſage; and to *Diomede*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
[6] To ſhame the zeal of my petition towards thee,
By praiſing her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my Charge;
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour—no.

Troi. Come, to the Port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,

6 *To ſhame the* ZEAL *of my petition tow'rds thee,*
By praiſing her.——] To *ſhame* the *ſeal* of a petition is nonſenſe. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

To ſhame the ZEAL——

and the ſenſe is this: *Grecian*, you uſe me diſcourteouſly; you ſee, I am a *paſſionate* lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you ſhould not ſhame the *zeal* of it, by promiſing to do what I require of you, for the ſake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a ſenſe of a *lover*'s delicacy, you would have promiſed to do it in compaſſion to his *pangs* and *ſufferings*.

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To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let me make ready ſtrait.

Æne. Yea with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him thither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon:*
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*.

Ulyſſ. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga.

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Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?
Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*
Dio. Ev'n ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.
Ulyſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!
Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs—this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: lady, by your leave,
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.——
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

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Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulys. I do desire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Ulys. Why then, for *Venus'* sake, give me a kiss,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Nest. A woman of quick sense!
Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father.
[Diomede *leads out* Cressida.
Ulys. Fie, fie upon her!
' There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
' Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
' At every joint, [7] and motive of her body:
' Oh, these Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
' They give a Coasting welcome ere it comes;
' And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
' To every ticklish reader: set them down
' For sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
' And daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.
Æne. Hail, all the State of *Greece!* what shall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

7——*and* motive *of her body:*] *Motive,* for motion.

Pursue

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Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. [8] 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
[9] Valour and pride parcell themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*

8 *'Tis done like* Hector, *but* ſecurely *done*,] In the ſenſe of the latin, *ſecurus*—*ſecurus admodum de bello, animi ſecuri homo.* A negligent ſecurity ariſing from a contempt of the object oppoſed.

9 *Valour and pride* EXCELL *themſelves in* Hector;] It is an high abſurdity to ſay, that any thing can *excell* in the extremity of little; which little, too, is as *blank as nothing*. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Valour and pride PARCELL *themſelves in* Hector;

i. e. divide themſelves in *Hector* in ſuch a manner, that the one is almoſt infinite; the other almoſt nothing. For the uſe of this word we may ſee *Richard* III.

——*their woes are* PARCELLED.

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Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same, that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
" Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
" Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
" Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
" His heart and hand both open, and both free;
" For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
" Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
" Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

S C E N E IX.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd; there, *Ajax.*

[*Trumpets cease.*

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax,

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Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son;
A cousin-german to great *Priam*'s seed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the sinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my sire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.——
Cousin, all honour to thee!——
Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. [1] Not *Neoptolemus*'s Sire irascible,

(On

1 *Not* Neoptolemus SO MIRABLE,
(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promise to himself, &c.] That is to say, *You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young son of* Achilles *(who is yet to serve his apprentisage in war, under the* Grecian *generals, and on that account called* Νεοπτόλεμος*) dare himself entertain such a thought.* But *Shakespear* meant another sort of man, as is evident from,

On whose bright crest, &c.

Which characterises one who goes foremost and alone: and can therefore

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:
The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

therefore suit only *one*, which *one* was *Achilles*; as *Shakespear* himself has drawn him,

The great Achilles, *whom opinion crowns*
The sinew *and the* forehand *of our Host*.

And again,

Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drove great Mars *to faction*.

And indeed the sense and spirit of *Hector*'s speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied; and this was *Achilles*, with whom *Hector* had his final affair. We must conclude then that *Shakespear* wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE IRASCIBLE
On whose bright crest——

Irascible is an old school term, and is an epithet suiting his character, and the circumstances he was then in.

Impiger, iracundus, *inexorabilis, acer*.

But our editor Mr. *Theobald*, by his *obscure diligence*. had found out that *Wynken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three destructions of* Troy, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years quarrel, a person distinct from the son of *Achilles*, and therefore will have it, that *Shakespear* here means no other than the *Neoptolemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpose, that this fancy was absurd. For first, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a common-rate warrior, and so described as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet should on this occasion make *Hector* refer to a character not in the play, and never so much as mentioned on any other occasion. Thirdly, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* side, and slain by *Achilles*. But *Hector* must needs mean by one *who could promise a thought of added honour torn from him*, a warrior amongst his enemies on the *Grecian* side.

Dio.

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Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon *and the rest of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion.
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no less to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O—you, my lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Hect.

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Hect. O, pardon——I offend.

Nest. ' I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
' Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
' Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
' As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
' Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
' When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i'th' air,
' Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
' That I have said unto my standers-by,
' Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestling. This I've seen:
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good:
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time——

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassie.

Ulys.

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Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My prophesie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.
Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*;——thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.——

Think'ſt

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Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtythied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general State, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE X.

Manent Troilus *and* Ulysses.

Troi. My lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
Ulys. At *Menelaus'* Tent, most princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feast with him to night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.
Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulys. You shall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?
Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter

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Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrow's battle:

Here

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Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
[1] A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Ex.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one hat loves quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; [2] and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and obelisque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to

1 *A token from her daughter* &c.] This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*. Oxford Editor.

2 *And the goodly transformation of* Jupiter *there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and* OBLIQUE *memorial of cuckolds*;] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of* Jupiter, that is, as himſelf explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*; *i. e.* his ſtory had made him ſo famous, that he ſtood as the great archetype of this character. But how was he an *oblique memorial of cuckolds?* can any thing be a more *direct* memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and ſo the foregoing character of his being the *primitive ſtatue* of them plainly implies. To reconcile theſe two contradictory epithets therefore we ſhould read,

——————*and* OBELISQUE *memorial of cuckolds.*

He is repreſented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obeliſque memorial?* of all human edifices the moſt durable. And the ſentence riſes gradually, and properly from a *ſtatue* to an *obeliſque*. To this the editor Mr. *Theobald* replies, that *the bull is called the primitive ſtatue*: by which he only giveth

to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the lowſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*———
Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.
Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.
Men. Good night, my lord.

giveth us to underſtand, that he knoweth not the difference between the *Engliſh* articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant *Menelaus*; which title *Therſites* gives him again afterwards—*The cuckold and the cuckald-maker are at it*—THE BULL *has the game.*—But the *Oxford Editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and ſo all the difficulty's evaded.

Hect.

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Hect. Good night, ſweet lord *Menelaus.*

Ther. Sweet draught——ſweet, quoth a——ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to Thoſe
That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; good night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Uly ſſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas*' tent:
I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after——Nothing but letchery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomede*; *Calchas* I think; where's your daughter?

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Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember; yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt,———

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery———

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience———

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. *Diomede*,———

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi.

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Troi. Thy Better muſt.
Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague, and madneſs!
Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you——
Ulyſ. Good my lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
Ulyſ. You have not patience; come.
Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo, good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Ulyſ. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian——why *Greek*——
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.——
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, letchery, fry!——
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.

Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet lord,
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.——
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My lord,——
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:—O falſe wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye Gods!——O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.—— [Diomedes *ſnatches the ſleeve.*
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede*: faith, you ſhall not:
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio.

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Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cre. [3] By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not——
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel.
Thou never shalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You shall not go;——one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove!*—do, come:——
I shall be plagued,
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.——
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err: O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

3 *By all* Diana's *waiting-women yonder.*] *i. e.* the stars which she points to.

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SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore,
Ulyſ. All's done, my lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Troi. She was not, ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede's Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,

If

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If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse!
That cause sets up with and against thyself!
Bi-fold authority! [4] where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Cressid.*
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As slight *Arachne*'s broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance, strong as *Pluto*'s gates!
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!
The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd:
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede.*

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his passion does express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*—ne'er did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede.*
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan*'s skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which ship-men do the hurricano call,

4 ——————*where reason can revolt*
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt.——] A miserable expression of a quaint thought, *That to be unreasonable in love is reasonable; and to be reasonable, unreasonable. Perdition* and *loss* are both used in the very same sense, and that an odd one, to signify *unreasonableness.*

Con-

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Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Uly ſ. O, contain yourſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

Uly ſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

Changes to the Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector?*
And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.
Cas. "The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish "vows;
"They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
"Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector.*

Hect.

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Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.
Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to day i' th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.
Troi. [6] When many times the caitiff *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fools play, by Heaven, *Hector*.
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

6 *When many times the* CAPTIVE *Grecians fall,*] This reading ſuppoſes *Hector* inſulting over his *captives*, which is not *Troilus*'s meaning: who is here ſpeaking of *Hector*'s actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,

When many times the caitiff Grecians *fall,*

i. e. daſtardly *Grecians*; a character natural for the ſpeaker to give them, and juſtified by his account of them.

Hect.

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Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.
Troilus. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled [7] with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy Stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

7 ——*with* recourſe *of tears*;] *i. e.* tears that continue to courſe one another down the face.

Caſ.

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Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* And.
Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look, how thou dieſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*
Troi. Away!——Away!——
Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thyſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee! [*Alarum.*
Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord, do you hear?
Troi. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
Troi. Let me read.
Pan. A whorſon ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones that unleſs a man were curſt,

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curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart:
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſter villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. O'th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty (*a*) ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.——They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

[(*a*) *ſneering*. Mr. Theobald——Vulg. *ſwearing*.]

Enter

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft—here comes sleeve. and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river *Styx*, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*; now for thy whore, *Trojan:* now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

SCENE X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector's* match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet, in a sort, letchery eats it self: I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus'* horse,
Present the fair Steed to my lady *Cressid:*
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

SCENE

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SCENE XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon*: [8] bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner,
And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam
Upon the pashed coarses of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; [9] the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here he fights [1] on *Galathe* his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,

8 ——— *bastard* Margarelon] The introducing a bastard son of *Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumstances taken from the story-book of *The three Destructions of* Troy. Mr. *Theobald*.

9 ——— *the dreadful* Sagittary
Appals our numbers:——] "Beyonde the Royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent Kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named "*Epystrophus*, and brought a M. Knyghtes, and a mervaylloufe "Beste that was called SAGITTARYE, that behynde the myddes "was an horse, and to fore, a Man: This Beste was heery lyke "an horse, and had his Eyen rede as a Cole, and shotte well with "a bowe: *This Beste made the* Grekes *sore aferde, and slewe* "*many of them with his Bowe.*" *The three Destructions of* Troy, printed by *Caxton*. Mr. *Theobald*.

1 ——*on* Galathe *his horse*,] From the same book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horse. Mr. *Theobald*.

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And there the ſtrawy [2] *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

2 —— Greeks, *ripe for his edge,*
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath; &c.] Tho' this old ſtory-book was our poet's guide in the fable, yet nature led him up to the ſublime images of *Homer*, whom want of learning kept him from acquaintance with.

Re-enter

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Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*
Ajax. What wouldſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhouldſt have my Office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what! *Troilus?*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My Reſt and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

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Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say;
I reck not, though thou end my life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it; wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons.*
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed—*Hector* the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd sparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho.

[*Exeunt* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?

Bast.

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Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.

[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. [3] Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;

3 *Strike, fellows, ſtrike,*——] This particular of *Achilles* over powering *Hector* by numbers, is taken from the old ſtory-book. *Oxford Editor.*

And,

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And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*
Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March haſtily along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.
All. Hector!—— the Gods forbid!
Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
[4] Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit,

4 *Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;*
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMILE *at* Troy,] Here *Troilus* is made to invoke the Gods to *frown* in one line, and to *ſmile* in the other: And, as if he had not talked nonſenſe enough, after having made them do and undo, and protract the fate of *Troy*, in

Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and ſmite at *Troy*,
I ſay, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him, that will a ſcrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
[5] Make welling *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

in the next line he begs them to be ſpeedy and *brief*, and diſpatch them at once. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,

Sit, Gods, upon yo[illegible] Thrones, and SMITE *at* Troy,
I ſay, at once. [illegible] your brief plagues be mercy.

5 *Make* WELLS AND Niobes *of the maids and wives*;] We ſhould certainly read, WELLING *Niobes*, i. e. *Niobes welling*, or ſtreaming down with tears. To *well*, an old word to bubble or ſpring out. The image of *Niobe* was here properly employed. So in *Hamlet*,

——— *like* Niobe *all tears.*

But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *wells and rivers.*

Troi.

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Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, shan
[*Strikes*
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name!
[*Exe*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis' Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſe work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our enc vour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loath what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?——let ſee——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painte cloths——
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
[6] Some galled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit*

6 *Some galled gooſe of* Wincheſter——] The publick ſtew were anciently under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of *Wincheſter*. Mr. *Pope*.

The End of the Seventh Volume.

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